

MARCH 4, 1909
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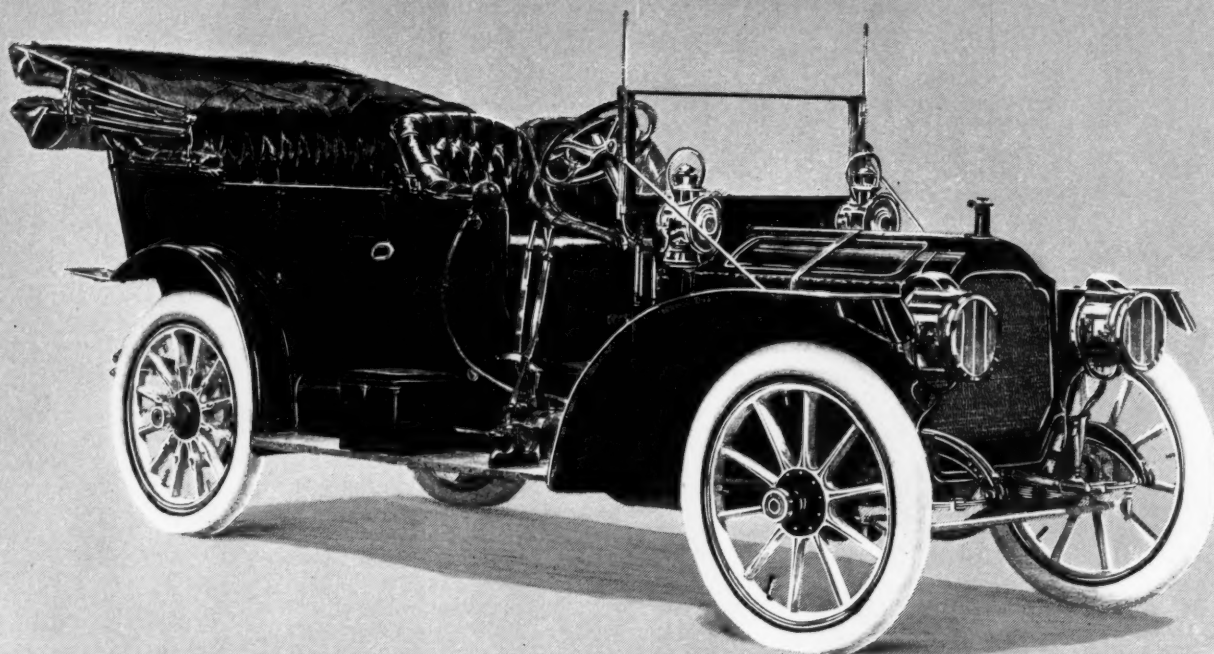
Life



Packard

"THIRTY"

1909



Packard "Thirty" Touring Car with Packard Extension
Cape Cart Top and Adjustable Wind Shield



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

Sold in New York at 1861 Broadway

SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Popular Panics

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails. The people sally from their homes with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defense, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolu-



"THE WHITE MAN OF THE SOUTH IS GETTING HIS FASHIONS FROM US."

tion of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. A crowd gathers round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side;

HAVOLINE OIL

(FOR LUBRICATION)



YOUR point of view of motor-
ing is determined by the car
you own: pleasure and comfort
are dependent on its year-in-and-year-out reliability. Riding in an

OLDSMOBILE

the machinery is only apparent as an unobstructive source of power—boundless, yet delightfully responsive. Inevitably the Oldsmobile owner learns to place absolute confidence in his car . . . and he experiences the real pleasure of motoring.

Four-cylinder cars \$2750
Six-cylinder cars \$4500.

Closed bodies for each chassis.
Details sent on request.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Lansing, Mich.

OLDSMOBILE CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

80 KING STREET, EAST TORONTO, ONT.

if he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for a mad dog always snaps at everything; if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for mad dogs always run straight forward before them.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster. My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks; she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened as

to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog, down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story I found my landlady had it from one neighbor, who had it from another neighbor, who heard it from very good authority.—Goldsmith, *The Citizen of the World*.

(Continued on page 276)



THE Big Hit

of the season is the unique,
efficient, long-wearing

"Firestone" Non-Skid Tire

Its all-rubber tread presents a mass of angles,
edges and points of road-contact that *pre-
vents skidding.*

An unusually large wearing-surface of tough
Firestone tread rubber insures *long life.*

It has no metal or other self-destroying feature
in its construction to tear through or cut
into the rubber and shorten the tire's life.

The non-skid feature is moulded right into
the tire, cannot be forgotten and left at
home, cannot break or get out of order, but
is always ready and at work.

So popular has this tire become, that Ameri-
can automobile manufacturers at the New
York and Chicago shows exhibited more
Firestone Non-Skids than *any two other
non-skid tires combined.*

Economically the logical tire for YOUR car.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. - Akron, O.

Branches and Agencies Almost Everywhere

Nothing about an Auto will take the place
of the "go". The go far, go quiet, go
cheap, and go fast result from use of

Dixon's
Ticonderoga Flake
MOTOR
Graphite

Stands for readiness, reliability and long life
in a motor. You will at once see the com-
mon sense of it when you get our booklet
on lubrication. Write to Department A.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 275)

Carlyle on Theodore Roosevelt

"All the considerable men I have known,
and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of
these, forebore to babble of what they were
creating and projecting."

"He is not what I call a strong man. An
excitable, spasmodic man; at best intense rather
than strong. He has not 'the talent of silence'
—an invaluable talent. . . . A fundamental
mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength!
A man is not strong who takes convulsion-fits;
though six men cannot hold him then. . . .
We need forever, especially in these loud-shriek-

Evans' Ale

A happy, joyful beverage with all the mirth of
the hop pickers and fragrance of the
glorious hop fields in every bottle. A
genuine "touch of Nature" that carries
a substantial smack and afterglow of satisfaction.

In "Splits" as well as regular size bottles

C. H. EVANS & SONS, - HUDSON, N. Y.

ing days, to remind ourselves of that. A man
who cannot hold his peace, till the time come
for speaking and acting, is no right man."—
Thomas Carlyle, "Hero and Hero Worship."

Autograph Fiends

There have been autographs written by proxy;
for example, Doctor Dodd penned one for Lord
Chesterfield. But to oblige a stranger in this
way is very dangerous, considering how easily
a few lines may be twisted into rope.

With regard to my own particular practice, I
have often traced an autograph with my walking-
stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember
writing one with my finger on a dusty table, and
am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of
a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something
like a badly-scribbled autograph made by chil-
dren with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet
dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables.
My little girl drew her autograph the other day
in mustard and cross.

Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond
of scrawling autographs on a tea-tray with the
slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft
deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all,
the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface,
by the way, quite irresistible to any one who can
write and does not bite her nails.

A friend of mine possesses an autograph—Re-
member Jim Hoskins—done with a red-hot poker
on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is
awkward to bind up.

Gentlemen in love delight in carving their
autographs on the bark of trees, as other idle
fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern
benches and rustic seats. Among various modes
I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph
from a tin of water on a dry pavement.

The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute
autographs among her visitors which she wrote
with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another,
a German phenomenon, held the implement with
his toes.

(Continued on page 277)

The Collver Tours

(THE BEST IN TRAVEL)

**A YEAR'S JOURNEY
ROUND
THE
WORLD**

Sailing from
San Francisco

August 5th
\$4850

Write for complete information and details. Early appli-
cation necessary.

APRIL 16th—ACROSS SIBERIA

and Round the World, including Japan, Siberia, Russia
and Poland, \$1475. Write or Telegraph for reservations.
Boylston and Berkeley Sts., Boston, Mass.

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 276.)

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph and explained what it was, namely, "a couple of lines or so with his name to it," he replied that he would leave it to her in his will, seeing as how it was done with gunpowder on his left arm.

Doppledeickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume.—Thomas Hood, *Comic Annals*.

Carlyle and a Yankee Interviewer

Oh, such a precious specimen of the regular Yankee I have never seen since! Coming in from a drive one afternoon, I was informed by Helen, with a certain agitation, that there was a strange gentleman in the library.

"He said he had come a long way, and would wait for the master coming home to dinner; and I have been," said she, "in a perfect fidget all this while, for I remembered after he was in that you had left your watch on the table."

I proceeded to the library to inspect this unauthorized settler with my own eyes. A tall, lean, red-herring looking man rose from Carlyle's writing-table, at which he was sitting writing, with Carlyle's manuscripts and private letters lying all about, and, running his eyes over me from head to foot, said:

"Oh, you are Mrs. Carlyle, are you?"

An inclination of the head, intended to be hauteur itself, was all the answer he got.

"Do you keep your health pretty well, Mrs. Carlyle?" said the wretch, nothing daunted, that being always your regular Yankee's second word.

Another inclination of the head even slighter than the first.

"I have come a great way out of my road," said he, "to congratulate Mr. Carlyle on his increasing reputation; and, as I did not wish to have my walk for nothing, I am writing till he comes in. But in case he should not come in time for me, I am just writing him a letter here, at his own table, as you see, Mrs. Carlyle."

The first Derby made in America was a
C. & K.

HATS FOR MEN



KNAPP-FELT hats are made in a variety of smart shapes.

KNAPP-FELT DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars.

KNAPP-FELTS are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for the Hatman.

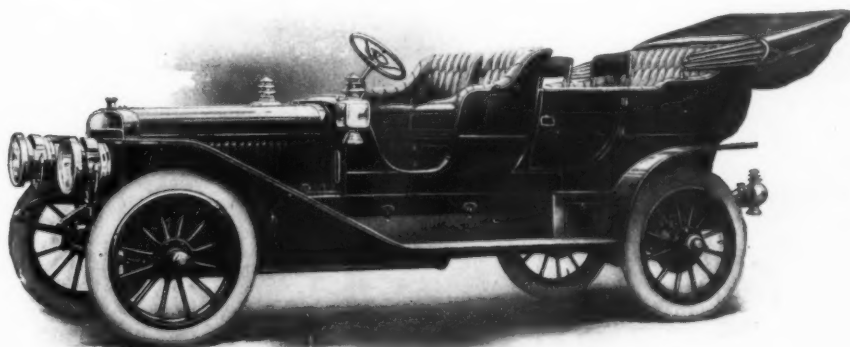
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
ROADWAY, AT THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

We Make Sixes Exclusively

There are many sixes on the market. And every one of them but ours (so far as we know) is made by a manufacturer who also makes fours. Some of these makers just add two cylinders to a four and call it a six.

Most of them don't care whether you buy a four or a six, because they expect to get you "coming or going." And if you seem to prefer a four, the chance is that they will **not** tell you what a mistake you are making.

We do not ask you to purchase a



WINTON SIX

because we make sixes exclusively.

Instead we are making sixes exclusively because sixes are superior to all other types. And we can prove it to you just as we have done to hundreds of others.

The Winton Six isn't a four with two added cylinders. It is a six from the drafting room to the shipping department, from the radiator to the tail lamp. And because it is a real six (not a makeshift) the Winton Six proves in its work all the points of superiority we claim for it.

On the contrary it is not surprising that any so-called sixes (being really fours with two added cylinders) should prove disappointing.

Six cylinder cars are the world's best. Fours plus two cylinders are not. Therefore if you really seek the greatest enjoyment that motoring affords, you will

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO
Member Association Licensed Auto Mfrs.
BEREA ROAD, CLEVELAND, OHIO

be as careful to select a bona fide six as you will be to avoid a four.

The Winton Six starts without cranking.

Runs as sweetly and as quietly as a watch.

Makes hill climbing simple and easy.

Minimizes gear shifting, eliminates motor vibration, and goes the route like coasting down hill.

This car holds the world's upkeep record of 4343 miles on One Dollar expense. We send the sworn records upon request.

Two Models—\$3000 and \$4500.

We shall be pleased to send descriptive literature which fully presents the advantages enjoyed by the Winton Six owner. Our book, "Twelve Rules to Help Buyers," applies to all cars and will aid you in making a safe purchase.

Write for literature today.

Winton Branch Houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco.



"(W)RING OUT, WILD BELL(E)S"

Having reseated himself without invitation of mine, I turned on my heel and quitted the room, determined not to sit down in it while the Yankee stayed. But about half an hour after came Darwin and Mr. Wedgwood; and, as there was no fire in the room below, they had to be shown up to the library, where, on my return, I found the Yankee still seated in Carlyle's chair, very actively doing as it were the honors of the house to them; and there he sat upwards of an hour, not one of us addressing a word to him, but he not the less thrusting his word into all that we said. Finding that I would make absolutely no answer to his remarks, he poured in upon me a broadside of positive questions.

(Continued on page 278)

The Brasscrafters

TRADE MARK

Portable Shower Bath

Delivered, ready to set up \$10.75

It is wrong to regard a shower bath as a mere luxury. It means vigor for mind and body. Its installation is an investment that pays for itself many times over in added vitality and comfort.

The Brasscrafters Shower No. 5004 is a handsome, full size, solidly built shower that will last and look well for years. The brass parts are strong and heavily nickel-plated; the curtains and rubber parts are made of the best material. We have not room here to tell of its many superiorities of convenience and construction.

We are so sure it will win your approval if you see it, that we make this offer: If your dealer doesn't carry it, we will ship it, express prepaid on receipt of price, and permit you to return it at our expense within 4 days of receipt if not satisfactory, and refund your money.

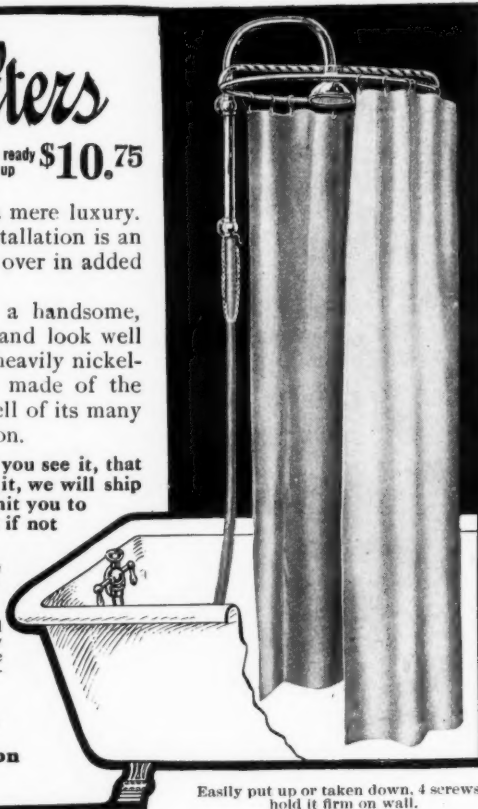
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

Showing Full Line of Showers

The Brasscrafters make necessary and beautiful things for your bath room and by making them right and selling at humane prices, have built up in ten years the largest business of its kind.



The Brasscrafters
92-100 North Street, Boston
Be sure to address Dept. E



Easily put up or taken down. 4 screws hold it firm on wall.

TEN LIMITED, conducted parties to
EUROPE in April, May, June, July. Everything for
Class. "Old World Tourist Guide." Free.
DE POTTER TOURS, 32 Broadway, N. Y. (30th Year)

seers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up it is a sign he does not like it. Does he wag his tale horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean, when he is pleased; for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time, but that was in Hyder-Alley's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his old ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than he! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humor with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad-dance set to the mad-howl. Madge Owl-et would be nothing to him. "My, how he capers!" (one of the children speaks this).

Here three lines are erased.

What I scratched out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is, "Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid a fire or a precipice;" which I think is a sen-

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 277)

"Does Mr. Carlyle enjoy good health, Mrs. Carlyle?"
"No."

"Oh! he doesn't? What does he complain of, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Of everything."

"Perhaps he studies too hard. Does he study too hard, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Who knows?"

"How many hours a day does he study, Mrs. Carlyle?"

"My husband does not study by the clock." And so on.

At last the gentleman, having informed himself as to all the possible and probable omnibuses, reluctantly took his leave, without an opportunity of baiting the bear, who would certainly have left the marks of the teeth on him.—
Letters of Jane Carlyle.

On Dogs

Dear Patmore:—Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules and was improving—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing.) Goes he muzzled, or aparto ore? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the over-

HEAVY TIRE EXPENSE

IS A DRAWBACK TO AUTOMOBILING

YOU CAN REDUCE TIRE EXPENSE

TO A MINIMUM BY USING

DOW TUBES

No Flat Tires

No Rim Cut Casings

BOSTON SHOW SPACE 421



No Blowouts

from Rim Cuts

No Delays on the Road

DOW TIRE COMPANY

2000 Broadway, N. Y.

893 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON

Burpee, Philadelphia

American Seed Catalog—provided you intend to have a garden this season. A book of 174 pages, with colored plates painted from Nature. It tells the plain truth about The Best Seeds that Grow. We have the largest Mail-order Seed Trade in the World and it is sufficient to address simply

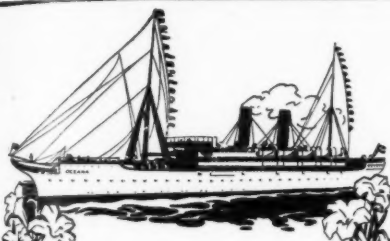
Burpee, Philadelphia

written on the front of a postal card and your own address on the back will bring you a copy of The Leading

sible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him (Dash) muzzle him and lead him in a string (common packthread will do; he doesn't care for twist) to Hood's,

(Continued on page 279)



TAKE 2 WEEKS

for your

EASTER VACATION

Sail by the superb

S. S. OCEANA 8,000 tons

From New York, Saturday April 3, for

BERMUDA Stay 2 days—see the Easter Lilies in bloom under sunny skies.

ST. THOMAS A few hours' stop to allow visits to the delightful places of interest.

SAN JUAN Porto Rico. Remain 2 days, one of them Easter Sunday.

HAVANA Cuba—almost 2 days to enjoy its many attractions.

Returning to New York April 12, with renewed energy for the Spring season.

Rates, from \$90 up, secure transportation, meals and accommodations. Write to the

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
41-45 Broadway New York

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 278)

his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any rate. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf; and, if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.—Charles Lamb to Coventry Patmore.

A Lawyer Proposes

The following has been suggested as a good form for a lawyer proposing marriage:

To Ann Bright, of Blank, in the county of Blank, Spinster, Daughter of Edward Bright, of the same place, Gentleman, and of Mary, his wife—Madam: Whereas, I, the undersigned, John Smith, am a bachelor of the age of twenty-eight years, and am and have been for three years and upward now last past in practice as an attorney and practitioner-at-law;

And whereas, the net annual income and emoluments arising from the practice of my said profession amount to the sum of \$1,500 and upwards, and in addition thereto I am possessed of or otherwise entitled to real and personal property producing a further net annual income of \$1,000 or thereabouts, making together with the aforesaid professional income a total income of \$2,500 or thereabouts;

And whereas, having regard to the several facts hereinbefore recited, I, the said John Smith, am in a position to maintain and keep a wife and I am desirous to enter the holy state of matrimony;

And whereas, on divers occasions and in divers places I have observed the manners, behavior and demeanor of you, the said Ann Bright, and I have further made or caused to be made sundry inquiries and investigations concerning the character, disposition, habits, propensities, tastes, likes and dislikes of you, the said Ann Bright, and have thereby and by other sufficient means



The last lap of the Vanderbilt Cup Race Robertson in No. 16 Locomobile—the winning car—at the Westbury Turn, making up time lost through tire trouble; most thrilling part of the race. 12 Post Card views of race sent for 10 cents; Beautiful color poster suitable for framing, 10 cents.

Construction:—Cars are of two classes, those "built" and those "assembled." The Locomobile which won the Vanderbilt Race was "built" throughout in the Locomobile factory. Like every other Locomobile it was built of drop forgings, gears, ignition apparatus, magneto and other important parts made in the Locomobile factory

The New 30-A car developed through three years of road testing. Shaft-drive — \$3500

Famous 40-A powerful and easy riding seven passenger car ideal for family use and long distance touring. Chain-drive — \$4500

The Locomobile Company of America; Bridgeport, Conn.
NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA—CHICAGO—BOSTON

"SIMPLIFIED"



TH. RU-SEVELT

duly satisfied myself that you, the said Ann Bright, are in all respects a fit and proper person to become the wife of me, the said John Smith;

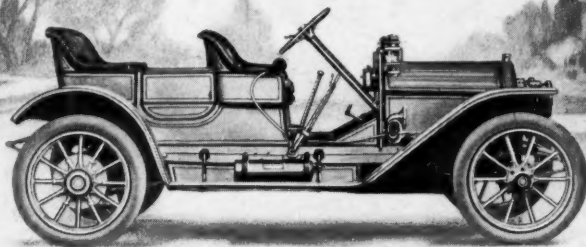
And whereas, after due and mature deliberation I have determined to make unto you the offer hereinafter expressed;

Now in pursuance of such determination, and for divers and good causes me hereunto moving, I, the said John Smith, do hereby irrevocably (but subject nevertheless to the stipulation contained in the final clause hereof) offer and tender unto you, the said Ann Bright, all that and those my heart, hand, body, mind, understanding and

(Continued on page 280)

THE MARMON

"A Mechanical Masterpiece"



The "Thirty-Two" Suburban, \$2400

Certainty, Not Supposition

A man's record can't be written at his birth. Neither can you correctly judge the durability and value of any make of car except by reviewing its past.

The Marmon cars sold by us in the early days of the automobile industry are still giving splendid service. Time has brought many refinements in design. But the vital elements of durability and reliability have never been lacking in a Marmon car.

The "Thirty-two," manufactured entirely by us, and unsparingly equipped, has a character and a value which no thoughtful buyer can ignore.

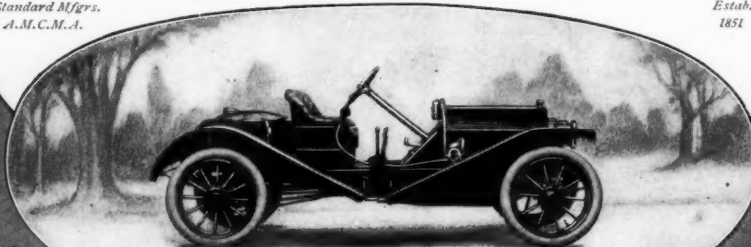
MOTOR, 4 cyl., 4 1/2 x 4 1/2, water-cooled. 32-40 H.-P. Three-point support. **IGNITION,** Bosch H. T. Magneto, dual system. **LUBRICATION,** Marmon system of automatic force feed through hollow crank-shaft. **DRIVE,** straight line shaft. Selective transmission and rear axle one compact unit, very accessible. Large brakes, effective and very durable. **MATERIALS,** absolutely the best of everything, including Krupp and Chrome Nickel Steels. Hess-Bright imported ball-bearings. **TIRES,** O. D. 34 x 4. **WHEEL BASE,** 112 in. **WEIGHT,** 2100 lbs. **EQUIPMENT,** complete and high-class. **BODIES,** sheet metal. Touring car seats five; Suburban (detachable tonneau) seats four; Roadster seats two. Also furnished as Coupe or Limousine Town Car.

Marmon "Fifty" (Seven Passengers), 50-60 H.-P., \$3750.

Nordyke & Marmon Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Mfgs.
A.M.C.M.A.

Estab.
1851



The "Thirty-Two" Roadster, \$2400

The Easiest Riding Car In The World

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 279)

affections to be held by you to the use of you, the said Ann Bright, for and during the term of your natural life in case you shall predecease me, or for and during our joint life in case I shall predecease you.

And I hereby promise and declare that in the event of you, the said Ann Bright, intimating to me in writing or otherwise within the space of seven days next after the date upon which this letter shall be served upon you or left for you at your last known place of abode, your accept-

ance of the offer hereby made as aforesaid, I will within a reasonable period thereafter intermarry with you, the said Ann Bright, at such church or in such other building as you may select for that purpose, and will at all times thereafter during our joint lives at my own expense in all things maintain and keep you, the said Ann Bright, as my lawful wife.

Provided, always, and the offer hereby made as aforesaid is upon the express condition that if you, the said Ann Bright, shall not within the space of seven days after the service or delivery of this letter as aforesaid intimate by writing or otherwise your acceptance of the said offer, the same offer shall thereupon be absolutely null

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

- How to manage a business
- How to sell goods
- How to get money by mail
- How to buy at rock-bottom
- How to collect money
- How to stop cost leaks
- How to train and handle men
- How to get and hold a position
- How to advertise a business
- How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet. Send to System, Dept. 221-3, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

and void, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, designating myself as

Your humble servant, John Smith.—Kansas City Star.

Interesting Information

"We can learn from all men, even from the humblest," said H. K. Adair, a detective. "Turn a deaf ear to no man. The lowliest tramp may have information of incredible interest for you."

"I well remember a walk I once took down Market street. As I strode along, proud and happy, a rose in my buttonhole and a goldheaded cane in my hand, a drunken man had the impudence to stop me."

"Ain't you Mr. Adair?" he said.

"Yes," said I. "What of it?"

"Mr. Adair, the detective?" he hiccupped.

"Yes, yes. Who are you?" I asked impatiently.

"Mr. Adair," said the untidy wretch, as he laid his hand on my shoulder to keep himself from falling, "I'll tell you who I am, Mr. Adair. I'm—hic—the husband of your washerwoman."

"Well, what of that?" said I, scornfully.

"My scorn brought a sneer to the man's lips, and he said:

"You see, you don't know everything, Mr. Adair."

"What don't I know?" I demanded.

"Well, Mr. Adair," said he, "you don't know that—hic—I'm wearin' one of your new white shirts."—Saturday Evening Post.



IT slides freely in any high-band collar. It's all in the back band.

Cannot "catch" or crumple when you draw the ends.

Ask your dealer for the "SLIP SCARF." It costs no more than a cravat without this invaluable feature.

In every fashionable color, shape, pattern and material of the season. Patented and patents applied for. Made only by

KEYS & LOCKWOOD,
Union Sq. North, New York.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

**The Dainty
Mint Covered
Sandy Coated
Chewing Gum**

Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

EVERYBODY WHO IS ANY-
BODY KNOWS that the worst of
the cigarettes is the left-over odor
—chew Chiclets.

Put up in little green bags for a nickel
and in 5, 10 and 25 cent packets by
Frank H. Flee & Company
+ Philadelphia, U. S. A. +
+ and Toronto, Canada. +

LIFE'S LETTER BOX



A Letter

LIFE has received from one of its critics a letter taking exception to some of its articles about women. Among other things the lady writes:

Your tendency is to keep alive an abnormal sex consciousness (if you were really normal you would need no "Woman's number"). Often you imply that if a woman is rich and idle she ought to be satisfied, though the inevitable follies and foolishness of this false position make you very angry.

LIFE would be glad to print in full the opinions of this interesting correspondent, but unfortunately she prefers to preserve her anonymity, and while occasionally anonymous letters from correspondents have appeared in these columns, this is an instance where anonymity robs the criticism of its force and value as a criticism.

All About the Uplift

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

While the country is congratulating itself upon the great moral uplift that has recently taken place, it may be well for us to indulge in a little introspection to discover just how much we individually have participated in the uplift. We fear that some persons will be forced to confess that their moral apparatus is in about the same state of rustiness as it was before the general scouring took place. It is a melancholy reflection upon the perversity of human nature that the efforts of our reformers, preachers, investigators, muckrakers, demagogues, and W. C. T. U.s have not sufficed to eradicate our evil tendencies.

But while we confess our own callowness, we can, at least console ourselves with the thought that we have given our hearty support to the moral uplift of our neighbors. We have loudly applauded the eloquence of our declaimers against evil. We have given political preference to the reformer and we have generously

rewarded the muckraker for his revelations of iniquity. What is still better, by cultivating an attitude of suspicion toward men and things in general, by magnifying every rumor of scandal, and by loudly condemning evil wherever it could be found, we hope we have contributed in some measure toward the great moral uplift. And we intend to persist in the good work unless by some miracle we should happen to gain entrance to the sacred precincts of plutocracy. In which case we should probably relax our vigilance and our altruism would take the usual form of endowments for various purposes.

H. T. KEATING.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Feb. 12, 1909.

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So numerous are his subjects, so many his styles, so sound his reasoning, so beautiful his fancy and so gay his humor that his writings are most instructive, intensely interesting and a pleasure for every mood of the human mind.

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Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

Breakfast Table-Talk

A "low-brow" who in some manner had gained admission to the inner circle of a well-known literary organization in Boston was busily engaged in conversation with a charming girl from Beacon street, when suddenly she asked him:

"Do you like 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?'"

"I don't know that I ever tried it," responded the rank outsider cheerily. "To tell the truth I'm not much of a hand for breakfast foods of any kind."—*Success.*

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HIS EARLY STYLE

Manners at Court

A comment by the Philadelphia *Ledger* on a social indiscretion imputed to Ambassador White calls forth an amusing letter from a correspondent on *Manners at Court*, from which some amusing extracts may be taken:

Conkling said that Grant sent one man to Paris "not to expose his French, but to conceal his English." One of our ambassadors not only drew up a chair, uninvited, and sat down, at a private audience, but turned his back also to the "concentrated majesty" of a realm, by leading the way into dinner. Another ambassador, whose environment in the United States roll their "r's" and say "yep" for yes, intimated clearly that Americans are good enough for "soup kitchens," but that he himself preferred the society of the nobility.

It is well known that one of our ministers, speaking at a public dinner, "soberly" advised his fair compatriots not to marry the money-hunting, disreputable men of the nation to which he was accredited; that another took advantage of a drawing room to hand round his card, saying at the time, "This saves me the trouble of calling;" that a third, in answer to an invitation to dinner from the British minister, sent the following gem: "Old Fel. Can't come. Mrs. sick. Doc. says 'tisin't catching. Yours, etc.'"; that the wife of a fourth remained seated in the presence of royalty and condescendingly remarked to her majesty, "How's your husband?"

Are the American people to be put in the predicament of Frederick II, who, having sent, in spite, a remarkably stupid man as ambassador to England, said to Sir Hugh Elliott: "And what do the English think of Baron —?" "Sire," replied Sir Hugh, "that he is a most fitting representative of your majesty."—*Argonaut.*

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THE extreme nicety of workmanship and progressive refinement of design that distinguished the National in the beginning mark it to-day. Note the superb lines of the car. Is there anything handsomer in motordom? The axle set well in front of the radiator and the long cross-spring in the rear mean comfort and luxury of motion.

Nor is there anything better mechanically. From its ball-bearing motor — a costly improvement in which only the highest priced foreign cars have followed us — down to the perfect fit of the smallest bolt, the National knows no superior in a mechanical way.

Model 9-35—4 cyl., 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, \$2,750
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Model 9-50—6 cyl., 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4,200
Model 9-60—6 cyl., 5x5, 5,000

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.,

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1021 East 22nd St.,
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Explaining Matters

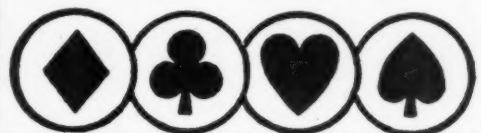
There were some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Donahoe, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence.

"Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahoe had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"You sign it yourself an' I'll make me mark," said the old woman, quickly. "Since me eyes gave out I'm not able to write a wurrd, young man."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space.

"Spell it whativver way you plaze," said Mrs. Donahoe, recklessly. "Since I lost me teeth there's not a wurrd in the wurrd I can spell." — *Youth's Companion*.



THREE BRIDGE RUBBERS

The Best Score Pad Made.
Twenty-five Cents Each at All Dealers.

Whistler and Free Art

A few years ago, when Whistler's paintings and etchings were being collected by the Copley Society for an exhibition, he was appealed to for assistance, but refused, saying: "God bless me! Why should you hold an exhibition of pictures in America? The people do not care for art."

"How do you know? You have not been there for many years."

"How do I know? Why, haven't you a law to keep out pictures and statues? Is it not in black and white that the works of the great masters must not enter America, that they are not wanted? A people that tolerates such a law has no love for art, their protestation is mere pretence."

That a great nation should deliberately discourage the importation of beautiful things was to him a mystery, as it is to nearly every one else. What difference does it make whether objects of beauty come out of the East or out of the West, so long as they add to the happiness and refinement of the people?

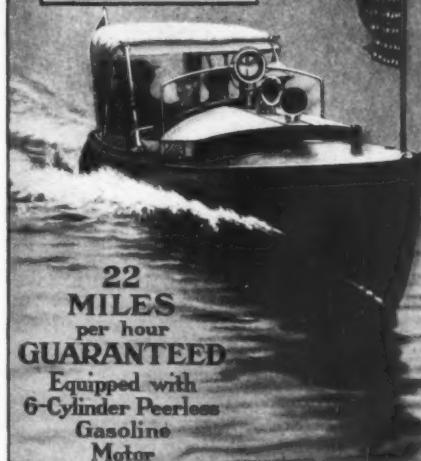
It is most remarkable that practically the only nation which discourages the importation of the beautiful happens to be the youngest and the richest of all, and the one most in need of what it wilfully excludes. Happily, this mark of barbarism is soon to be erased by a Congress which is disposed to give the fine arts their proper place in the nation.—*Youth's Companion*.

A REPORTER of the Cincinnati Enquirer—John R. McLean's newspaper—was once sent into a small town in southwestern Ohio to get the story of a woman evangelist who had been greatly talked about. The reporter attended one of her meetings and occupied a front seat. When those who wished to be saved were asked to arise, he kept his seat and used his note-book. The woman approached, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Come to Jesus." "Madam," said the newspaper man, "I'm here solely on business to report your work." "Brother," said she, "there is no business so important as God's." "Well, maybe not," said the reporter; "but you don't know John McLean."—*Argonaut*.



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MILES
per hour
GUARANTEED
Equipped with
6-Cylinder Peerless
Gasoline
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We maintain one of the largest boat building plants in the United States, designing and building every type and size of pleasure craft, either Gasoline or Electric.

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ELCO-PEERLESS GASOLINE EXPRESS LAUNCHES

"Will serve you on water as the automobile does on land."

These are the only pleasure boats in which a guaranteed speed of 22 miles is combined with perfect comfort for eight passengers. Not a racing machine but a fast pleasure boat; the only one offering the combination of speed with comfort and safety.

Easy chairs, wind shields, automobile hood. Controls located on steering wheel; owner drives the boat as he would his motor car.

We have just contracted with the Peerless Motor Car Co., of Cleveland for their 1909 line of Marine Gasoline Engines, both four and six cylinders.

30 ft. Launch 4-cyl. Peerless Gasoline Engine, speed 20 m.
35 ft. Launch 6-cyl. Peerless Gasoline Engine, speed 22 m.

ELCO GASOLINE CRUISERS built from 25 to 120 feet.

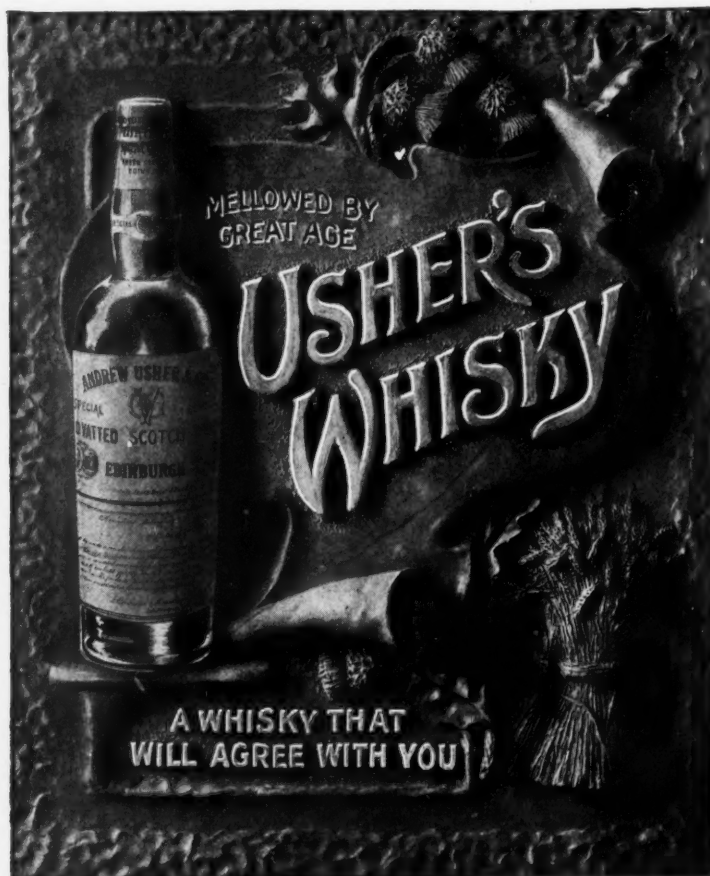
Write for our latest catalogue of Gasoline Motor Boats and Electric Launches.

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SPECIAL
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The name is stamped on
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THE *Velvet Grip*

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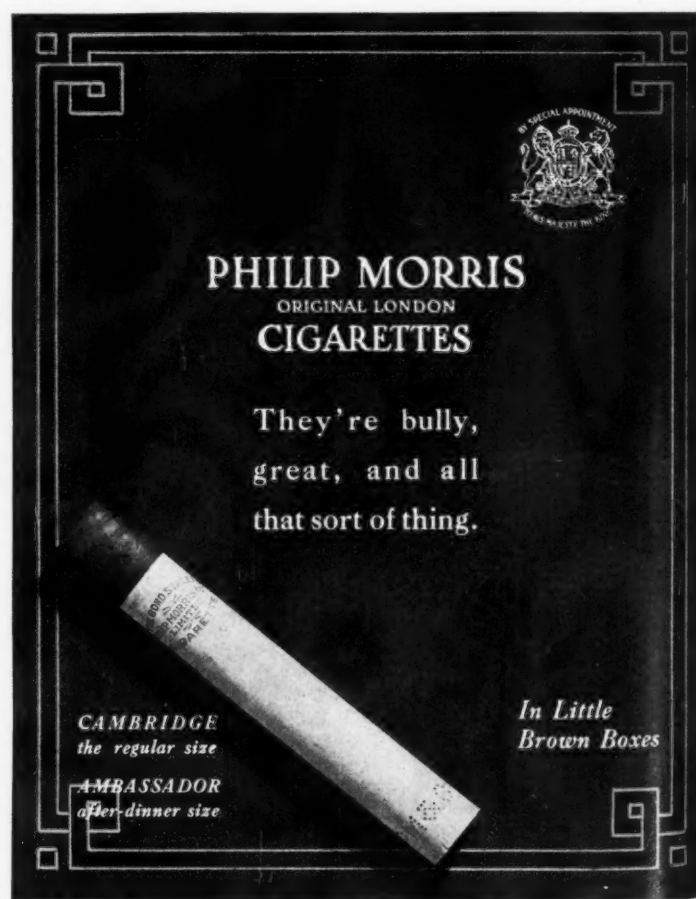
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Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE KING

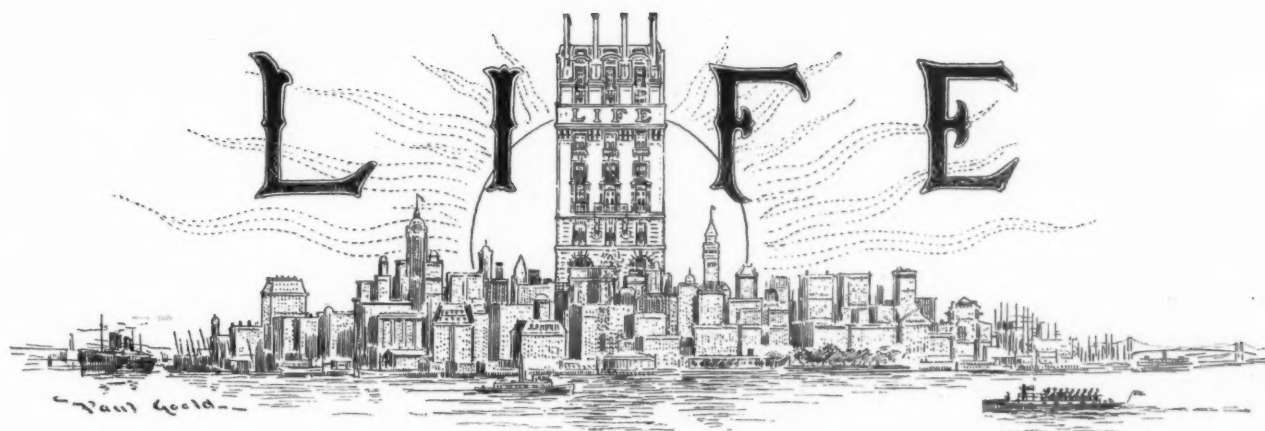
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ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

They're bully,
great, and all
that sort of thing.

CAMBRIDGE
the regular size

AMBASSADOR
after-dinner size

*In Little
Brown Boxes*



Picture Puzzles



EATED one day at a table,
I was having forty fits,
As my fingers hovered nervously
Over those jig-sawed bits.

I know not what I was hunting
To finish a soldier's face;
But I struck one queer-shaped fragment

That fitted that queer-shaped space.

It linked all those silly features
Into one solid man;
And as I had finished his shoulder,
I began to see the plan.

It helped with the background also,
A sort of guide it made;
But I moved some other pieces,
And somehow it got mislaid!

I sought, but I sought it vainly,
That one small piece so queer,
That out of a hundred others
Fitted that soldier's ear.

I couldn't go on without it,
I fretted and fumed and fussed;
Then—somebody joggled my elbow!
And I gave up in disgust.

It may be that some time or other
I will try that thing again;
But not till I'm in an asylum,—
And I doubt if I do it then!

Carolyn Wells.

Unwritten History

THE first thing that struck Columbus when he landed in America was the absence of real estate; neither corner lots, country places nor factory sites. Calling a likely looking Indian brave, he asked, "Have you a deed for this land?"

"Indeed we have not," replied the Indian.

"Then how did you get it?" continued Columbus, meanwhile counting up on his fingers the vast fortune that lay before him even at one hundred dollars per lot without sewer, gas, water, paved streets or even policemen.

"Our ancestors discovered it," responded the Indian, as well as the difference in their languages would permit.

"That will never do," exclaimed Columbus, in disgust. "We have come to discover it again and discover it right. This will be a discovery in deed as well as in fact." Then, turning to one of his crew of the name of Astor, he handed him a deed to Manhattan Island. Among the others of his crew he sold, bargained, conveyed, transferred, set over and otherwise distributed all the rest of the land, except that lying west of the Mississippi River. This he divided into two portions. One of these portions he gave to the transcontinental railroads and the other portion he set aside as a basis for future land frauds.

Needless to say, real estate offices sprang up everywhere, prices immediately advanced and all subsequent immigrants had to pay rent.

In the beginning the Lord made Heaven and earth and Adam took a deed for the earth because it was more accessible.

Ellis O. Jones.

The World's Peace Comes Too High

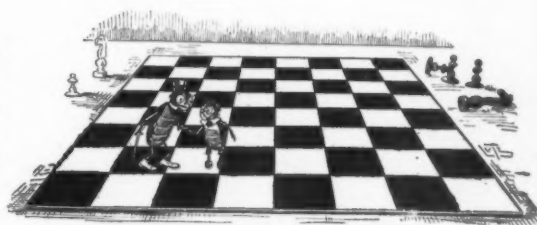
THE problem of peace-keeping grows complicated. Everybody is afraid to fight but still more afraid to disarm. The maintenance of huge armies and competitive building of warships is so expensive as to be almost incompatible in the poorer countries with due provision of the means of human subsistence. If all the surplus population of the world starved to death, that would simplify matters somewhat, but that is a

painful remedy. All the nations might join in maintaining a court and keeping a policeman, but then every nation would keep an enormous corps of private detectives to watch the policeman. It is all very perplexing, but we shall turn a page presently, and then perhaps we shall know more.

IT must have been a converted sport who found it "easy going to be a Christian among sports, but terrible tryin' to be a Christian among Christians."

THE prettiest and hopefulest and most reassuring sight in New York on a holiday is the American flag flying between the two tall steeples of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

IT leaked out the other day in the corner of a newspaper that February 12, besides being the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln, was also the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin. Considering the size and services of Darwin, one is impressed anew with the extraordinary dimensions of the American who, in so far as February 12 is concerned, has put the great naturalist in the class of those who "also ran."



"SAY, PA, WHAT ARE THESE? BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE?"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII MARCH 4, 1909 No. 1375

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



SEVEN years and a half we have had Mr. Roosevelt in the White House, and now that the parting has come it is quite a wrench. He has done a good many remarkable things. He has done some things to us and we have done some to him. What has been the most remarkable achievement of his administration? Without doubt—Theodore Roosevelt. Other things of moment have been accomplished. Our President made peace between Japan and Russia; bucked against the trusts, jamboreed the railroads, fought the rich malefactors, rebuked the untruthful, commended the fruitful, encouraged irrigation, protected the forests all he could, helped to give laws to pure food, doctored the spelling, sent a fleet of battleships around the world, and bent all his powers of instigation to make us undertake the Panama Canal. These are considerable achievements—at least they make a handsome list as they stand, and the list can be extended indefinitely—but they are only things done. It is disputed how many were good to do. Some are denounced, some minimized; one he had to take back; all that were good to do would doubtless have been done some time by somebody. But of his greatest achievement that cannot be said.

What is, for us, the greatest, the most interesting, the only indispensable thing in all creation? Man, of course. Leave man out of the show and for all we care, it may close at noon today. So long as he is the center of it we take an interest. In everything that concerns him we are concerned,

and what does not concern him matters so faintly to us that only the finest instruments can detect an interest in it in our minds. History is the diary of man and civilization is his measure. His monuments are notable because they are the expression of his powers; his successes, failures and disasters because of the index they furnish of the bounds of his capacities. Man is Topic No. 1, and the variations in him and improvements on him are the only really important subjects of human consideration.

No two men are, or ever were, alike; there is abundant variety in us; but notable variations are scarce. It is because the variety now known to all the world as Theodore Roosevelt is so notable that we reckon the development and advertisement of him to be easily the most important achievement of President Roosevelt's administrations. He is of composite construction. The President has worked hard to make him, and has done his share. We also have worked hard, spending vast amounts of time on the job and experiencing considerable outgoes of money. At times we have dug our feet into the soil of this country and pulled back on him. At times, in spite of misgivings, we have encouraged and approved him. We have advised him according to our several abilities with brief intermissions till we got our breath; we have discussed him constantly, without any intermission, using our hands and features when our wind gave out. It is not our wont to use such exertions in the making of a new variety of man, but we have been daily coerced into doing so in this case because of Mr. Roosevelt's own enormous activity on the job, and our fear that he would spoil it by excess of zeal. Of course, if we had not been interested we would not have cared whether he spoiled it or not, but he got us interested. Credit that to him.



PUT it on the shelf—the Great Achievement.

Is the head too big where the hat brim comes? A little, no doubt. That's

our fault. We swelled it. But no matter!

Some scars where missiles hit it? That's his fault. He *would* throw things, and often when the occasion did not demand it. We tried to break him of that. But no matter!

Put the weight on and set the movement going. Sakes alive, did anything ever go so! The wonder is the breakage bill wasn't bigger. They say the big digging machines and track-twisters at Panama beat all creation for power, but they are not alive. This was.



GOOD-BY and good luck to you Colonel Theodore; good luck and good hunting to you in Africa and wherever you go, and a safe return to a country that is full of your friends. Leave the Great Achievement on the shelf to season. There will be time enough to look at it, and talk about it, not only after you get back, but after this generation of us has shot its bolt and gone to its fathers. Twenty years hence is soon enough to begin, and as for ending time, that will take care of itself. There is a good deal to say and folks may be a long time saying it. Life is a wonderful experiment, and you, as you often say, have had a wonderful time fooling with it. And after all, the Great Achievement is not finished yet.



PRESIDENT TAFT comes smiling in to take the hand of a smiling country. Everybody welcomes him with good will, and good hope. He has all his enemies to make, and may not feel it necessary to make them. If he does, he will; but it is not so necessary as it is sometimes thought to be.

Mr. Taft has good men in his cabinet. New York contributes one of the best of them.

No more at present, but his story will be continued in subsequent issues of this paper.



"NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

February



1809



"AU REVOIR BUT NOT GOOD BYE."



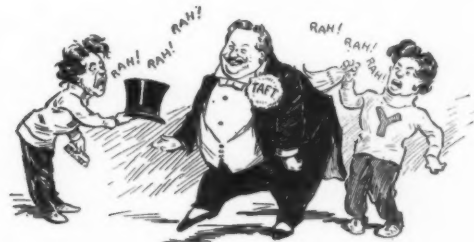
"THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."



WELCOME TO OUR CITY.



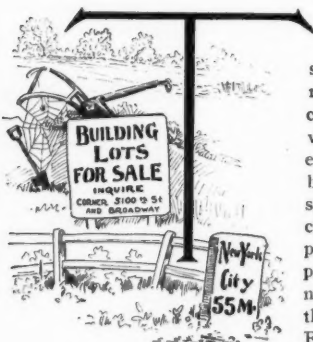
THE LATEST STYLE IN COW-BOYS.



FOR THE INAUGURATION BALL.

First Aid to Home Seekers

(Immigrants From Pittsburg, Chicago and Other Foreign Parts)



HE Lower East Side Section.

Highly desirable. The heart of the residence district. Accessible to Cooper Union, the Aquarium and Emma Goldman. Ideal locality for the bringing up of children, whole streets being devoted almost exclusively to this purpose. Neighborly quarter, differing in this respect from all other parts of the city, and consequently extremely popular with all persons with companionable natures. Frequently as many as ten companions reside in the same room at the same time. Fire escapes on which to sleep in

summer and stow superfluous brats in winter—really very serviceable when there isn't any fire. Rents low, and all homes within easy reach of the Black Hand. In fact, were it not for the magazine writers and the settlement workers, this quarter would be hard to beat. But it gets on some people's nerves, this having the family's degradation used for copy in all the Sunday supplements, not to mention the danger of having one's soul saved and being moved into a Trinity tenement! Those desiring privacy would better aim a little higher, pay a little more and try

THE UPPER WEST SIDE DISTRICT

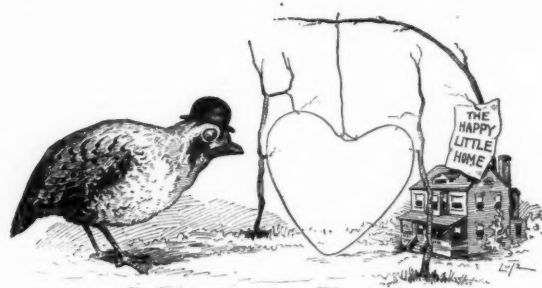
Not so nice, but more expensive. Formerly inhabited by Governor Hughes and recently the dog-shooting preserve of ex-Chief of Police Bill Devery. District devastated by the icy winds of the Hudson and the United States bankruptcy law. Climate highly beneficial to nurse maids and the bicycle police, but decidedly injurious to children, thousands perishing annually from such maladies as purse pride, overdress and loneliness. Peculiar soil, producing apartment houses in great abundance and mushroom growths of second mortgages and foreclosure proceedings. Private residences are rare, furnaces refusing to flourish in the Arctic atmosphere, but boarding houses are by no means unknown. Principal occupation of the natives, wondering how the neighbors do it; principal amusement, inspecting the suicides in the subway. If you are really too good to live in this district—and we do not blame you—you are a ruined man. You must either go back where you came from or buy a city block, tear it down, erect a monstrosity and become a dweller in the celebrated

UPPER EAST SIDE SPLASH

The human limit! Cold, cold stones and colder hearts. Money and divorces! Inhabitants miserable and helpless, but too rich to know it. Monkey dinners, monkey antics, monkey brains. Children practically extinct. Universal depravity, the effete civilization of the Orient being gone one hundred better. A national horror, shocking to the world at large and absolutely abhorrent to the healthy ideals of the great American people. The Mecca of the godless financier—and his wife! Glamour and illusion, but a skeleton behind! Don't let it deceive you. Any of us who live elsewhere can tell you all about it.

Arthur Judd Ryan.

TO-DAY is yesterday's "I told you so."



THE SAME OLD LURE

A Hypothetical Question

Question—What is your name?

Answer—A. Traction Expert.

Question—Well, Mr. Expert, how would you answer the following hypothetical question? Suppose, under the authority of the Dartmouth College Decision by which Daniel Webster so adroitly fixed the channel of history, a gang of pirates were given perpetual control of the streets of a city with the express understanding that they were to carry the people at a certain specified price, and that they immediately proceeded to pay more attention to capitalization than to transportation, until finally there was no way to get the people hauled without appointing receivers who, as officers of the law with extra powers, were able to raise fares and continue to give more attention to paying dividends than hauling the people, and until there were no tracks or cars or other material assets left, nothing except the right to continue doing the same thing until, finally, the people were not carried at all at a still higher price, what would you say?

Answer—I should say that the city you referred to must be New York. No other people would submit to it.

Ellis O. Jones.

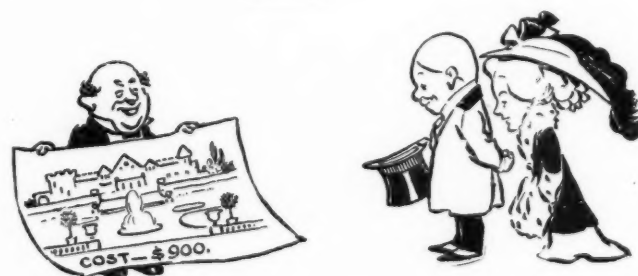
From the San Francisco Call

LONG BEACH, February 9.—Nearly 400 children were dismissed from the public schools here to-day because they had not been vaccinated. The parents of most of the children will not permit them to be vaccinated. Several families will leave town on account of the trouble. A public mass meeting has been called for to-morrow night by the anti-vaccinationists to consider the subject.

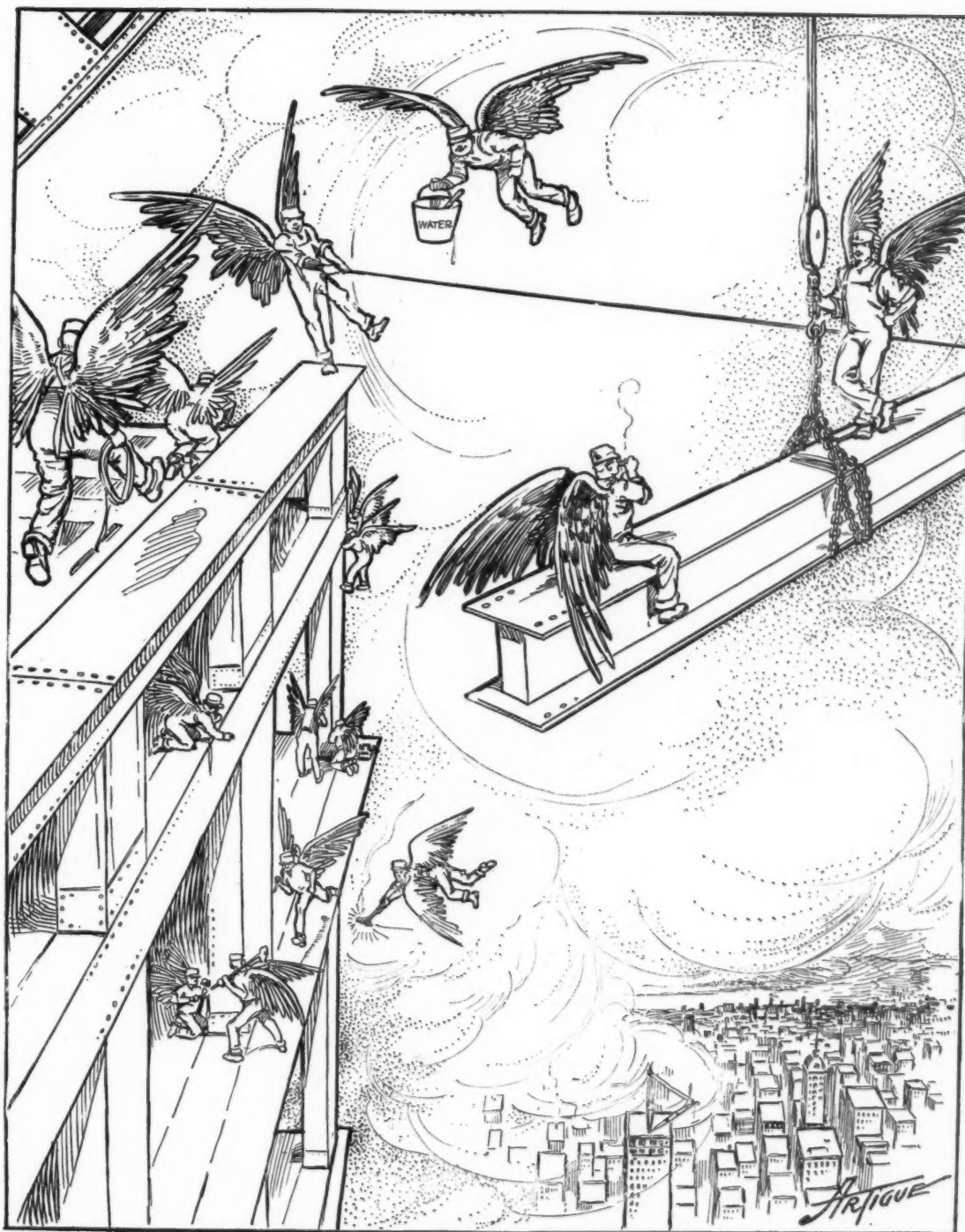
So; they are beginning to wake up at Long Beach!

In New York

AUDIENCE—A small body of people entirely surrounded by Jews.

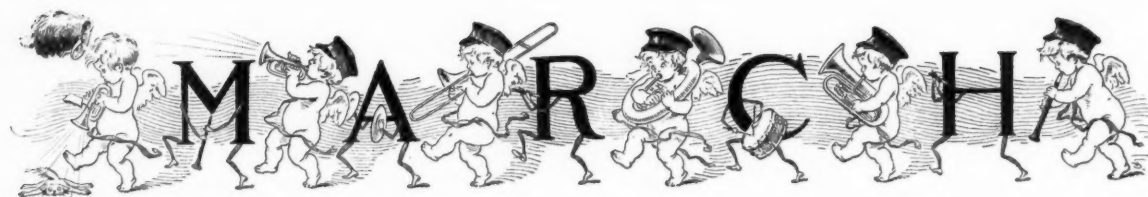


'T WAS EVER THUS



THE HEAVEN-REACHING SKYSCRAPER

THE AMALGAMATED ANGEL LABOR UNION OF 1910 AT WORK



When Our Dreams Come True



AND MRS. CHUBLEY were sitting at their breakfast table smiling at each other contentedly with looks of love undiminished by several years of conjugal companionship.

"It does seem a great pity," said Mr. Chubley, with a slight tone of protest in his voice, "that in this world we can't have occasionally just the things we want. I was talking with Skilton, the real estate man yesterday, and he said the Branter house is for sale. Just the house we want to live in. It has two bathrooms. Wouldn't it be fine to have two bathrooms? Then it has a barn, and room enough in back for a splendid little garden. How you would enjoy a garden, my dear."

"Yes," said Mrs. Chubley, "I have always craved a garden."

Mr. Chubley was rapidly losing himself in the contemplation of his desires.

"Wouldn't it be fine," he repeated, "if we could just move into that house; then suppose—just suppose—I could buy that automobile I've been looking at. My! but then we would be well fixed, wouldn't we? Let's see, \$18,000 for the house, \$3,000 for the auto. Then you would have to have some clothes to go with it. You wouldn't want to stint yourself, of course. Say \$500 for the clothes. Then it would be nice to have a horse and a quiet rig for you and the children—say \$700 more. I would naturally run the auto myself—I know I could easily learn—but it would require some extra money for emergencies and fixings. Put it down \$1,000 more. Then the house—"

Mrs. Chubley interrupted her husband with a gesture and a smile.

"You dear, silly, old thing," she said, "why waste your time in such fancies? Are we not happy as it is? Think of how we have lived together all these years without a cross word! It is surely wicked to complain. Of course I would like these things, but what is the use?"

Mr. Chubley raised his eyes in mild masculine protest.

At this moment the mail was brought in.

"Certainly, my dear," he said, "it is of no real use, but isn't it nice once in a while, just to sit back and have some fun in one's mind? Ah, well, it's all over, and I must go to work."

He shuffled over the letters.

"Nothing, apparently, but bills. Hello! What's this? A letter from lawyers."

He tore open the envelope hastily and read as follows:

Dear Sir:

By the terms of your late uncle's will you were left \$50,000 in cash, a check for which we present herewith. Please fill out the enclosed formal release before a notary and return to us.

Respectfully yours,

CHASSON & SMYTHE,
Attorneys for the Estate.

Having finished, Mr. Chubley, too astonished to say more, looked at his wife silently for some moments.

"Well!" he exclaimed, at last, "did you ever? To think that I didn't even take the trouble to bother about Uncle Jake's will, after that quarrel I had with him. And here it is out of a clear sky."

He held up the check.

"It can't be true!" exclaimed Mrs. Chubley. "Why, your uncle positively disinherited you. I didn't suppose—"

"Ah," replied Chubley, "you never can tell, you never can tell! He must have been sorry. At any rate, here we are with the money. Come now, let's waste no time. Isn't it wonderful I should have already laid plans to spend it. Come, my dear, we'll carry out our programme to the letter. For once in our lives we will realize our desires."

Mrs. Chubley, almost delirious with sudden joy, obeyed her husband mechanically. Together they started out on their quest. The check was duly deposited. The real estate agent was seen and the coveted house bought. Chubley hastened to the automobile agency and lost no time in ordering his machine. When told that he would have to wait a week for its delivery he be-



Mr. Stork: DARN YOU REAL ESTATE AGENTS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WANTED LOW, SWAMPY, WET GROUND?

came furious with impatience and restrained himself with difficulty the rest of the day.

During the next month both of these fortunate people were terribly busy. Mrs. Chubley shopped. Mr. Chubley replenished his wardrobe, arranged with carpenters to make alterations, became on intimate terms with automobile dealers, and did a hundred and one things that he had always wanted to do.

So busy were they for a long time that they scarcely had time to breathe. But at last, at the end of two months, they were settled in their new quarters.

* * *

ONE morning they sat once more at their breakfast table. A new maid with a new cap on her head, waited on them. Mr. Chubley hardly waited to finish his coffee, before he lighted a large, elegant looking perfecto cigar.

"My dear," said his wife, "I do wish you would wait until you get out before filling the house with your vile tobacco smoke."

Her husband threw back his head.

"I like that!" he exclaimed; "I guess I'll do as I please in my own house. Huh! Look here! I may not be back to-night. I'm going on a little trip in the machine."

"Well, go! I'm glad of it. It's a



A REAL ESTATE MOVEMENT

positive nuisance to me, is that auto of yours. If we only had a chauffeur, and if it was any good! Now, Mrs. Pennington has a French machine. And she positively snubs me whenever we meet. She used to be so nice."

"I have no doubt it's your fault."

"My fault?"

"Yes—that's what I said. You're developing into a snob!"

"Me! A snob! And what are you, pray, with your running around and your poker parties and smoking and wild companions?"

By this time Mr. Chubley was furious. "Well, I like this!" he exclaimed. "Here I supply you with everything you desire, and you do nothing but kick. You used to get along with Mrs. Pennington and with me, but now you're too good for anybody. No wonder I'm driven from my own home."

"You have no idea of decency, anyway. Here I have a chance to be in society and you handicap me at any time with your wild ways!"

"Well, madame," exclaimed Chubley, "I'll handicap you no more. Hereafter we'll live apart and you can do as you please. I give you a house such as we have dreamed of, new servants, new clothes—everything—and you develop into—into—oh, heavens!" he exclaimed, "I don't know what you are."

"You think you give me so much!" sneered Mrs. Chubley, "why, I have the smallest, most inconvenient house in my whole acquaintance. Even Mrs. Pennington has three bathrooms. What are you doing now? Can't you open a letter decently, instead of tearing it to pieces?"

"It's from those cursed law-

yers," muttered her husband. "Ah! Read this:

"Dear Sir: We regret to inform you that your uncle left a later will than the one by which you were bequeathed the sum of \$50,000, and in this will all the other wills were revoked, and it is expressly stipulated that your share in the estate shall be one dollar. I am instructed to inform you, by the action of the executors, to return the amount at once, less one dollar."

"Respectfully yours,
"CHASSON & SMYTHE,
"Attorneys for the Estate."

Mr. Chubley threw down the letter and tossed his cigar out of the open window into the freshly sprouting flower garden.

He and his wife gazed at each other speechlessly for some moments, then he said, quietly:

"Thank God! I'll now get rid of that confounded automobile, and we'll move



J. Punster Bugg, Esq.: I WONDER WHO RENTS THIS HOUSE?

back into our old house, where we'll be more comfortable than we are now, and Mrs. Pennington won't even want to patronize us. I'll give up my clubs and get back where I was before. What do you say, darling?"

In reply, Mrs. Chubley arose swiftly and threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"Bless you for those words," she exclaimed. "If it was a whole million I'd give it up twice over to be as happy as we were."

"Well, what's to prevent us now?" asked Chubley, as he kissed her for the first time in two weeks. T. L. M.



Cuba

THE trap in Cuba is carefully set. No matter which way Cuba jumps, we win. We have occupied Cuba long enough and with sufficient enunciation of our ability to give her what we think she needs, that, if Cuba succeeds in the difficult art of self-government, the credit is ours, and our reputation as a potential pedagogue, properly preaching, even if but poorly practicing, is assured.

But—

If Cuba persists in refusing to govern herself as we would govern her, preferring to govern herself as we govern ourselves, why then, of course, it is in spite of our noble efforts. The fault is with the pupil, not the teacher, and we reserve the right to return at any moment.

Now, Cuba, go to it. Enjoy the delights of self-government with a string to it.

Religiously!

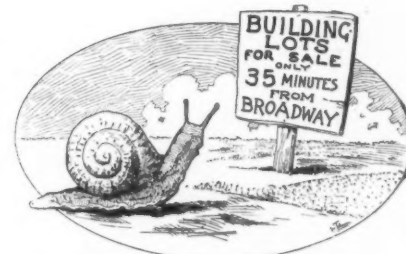
HARDUPPE: Er, what was the denomination of that bill you loaned me?

CUTTING: Episcopalian, I think—it keeps Lent so well.

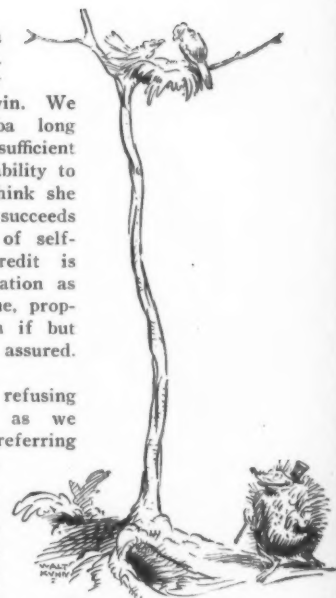
A Tip

DUSTY RHODES: I wouldn't have to ask for help, but I've a lot of real estate on me hands that I can't get rid of.

MRS. RURAL: Try soft soap and boiling water.



Snail: A DESIRABLE LOCATION, NO DOUBT, PROBABLY NOT MORE THAN A FOOT AND A HALF DISTANT.



Mr. Hedgehog: THE IDEA OF ANY ONE MOVING INTO THAT TOP FLAT AND NO ELEVATOR IN THE BUILDING!



THE STUFF OF DREAMS

("For sale; old-fashioned house, secluded, surrounded by trees. Brook-trout at door, old orchard, ten acres meadow land, etc., etc. A refuge for a city-fagged man.")

The Driver: THERE, THET'S IT.

The World

Advertisement:

LOCATED just outside of the Milky Way, near Mars, with a splendid view of several of our prettiest planets, including Venus, Jupiter, etc.

A few choice lots left—on easy payments.

This pleasant little planet has long been known for its many merits. Although revolving in a comparatively small orbit, it has advantages of its own not present in some of our larger holdings.

The world is covered, over three-fourths of its surface, by both salt and fresh water. Thus you can never get

thirsty, or be deprived of your bath.

It has every known climate. You can sample them all by taking up a temporary residence in New York, U. S. A., where they are kept on hand.

It has a constant supply of wretched people, in order to make you feel contented by knowing that you are better off.

It has a splendid supply of handsome women. By saving up enough money you can take your pick and change as often as you wish.

Apply all hours of day and night.

FEW women look like themselves in public.

"WELL said" is still talking when "well done" is eating.

Professional Advice

"I DECLARE," says the housewife, "I don't know what we are to do, when round steak costs as much as porterhouse. It is outrageous."

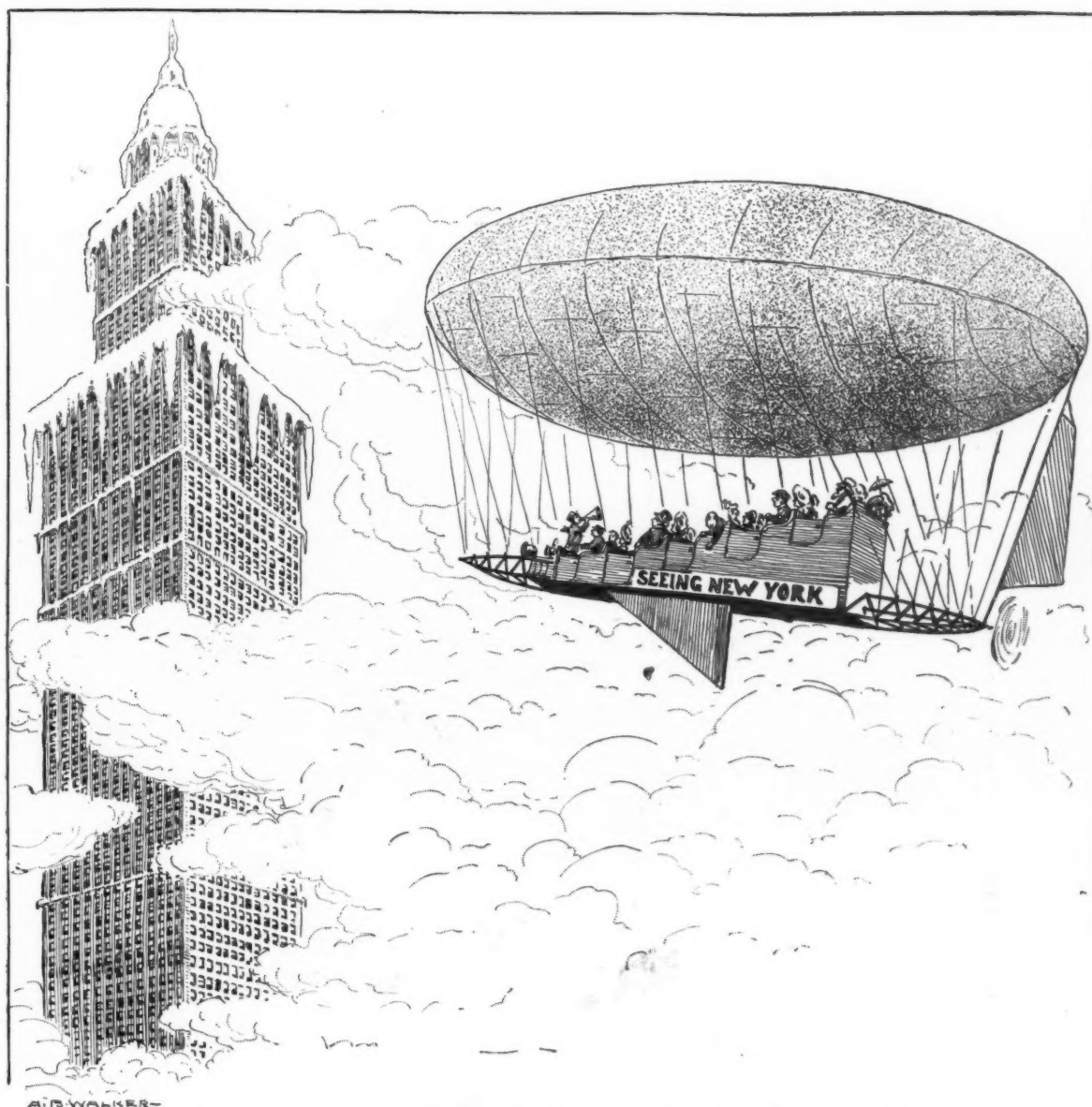
"Yes, mum," agrees the marketman. "What's a body going to do if this keeps on?"

"I would advise you, mum, that bein' the case, to eat porterhouse."

"MRS. FROST always chooses a cross-eyed nurse-maid."

"Why's that?"

"So when the girl has one eye on the policeman she can have the other on the children."



AIR WALKER

Guide: THIS IS NEW YORK. ITS OFFICE BUILDINGS ARE COVERED WITH ICE AND SNOW THE ENTIRE YEAR. MANY NEW YORKERS LIVE UP THERE DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

Newspapers

THE woman's page in the newspapers is got up by women for women, and what does it reflect, with its appalling gush, its everlasting disclosure of serious endeavor petering out in teas and tattle? If it be the last word—

But let's not be unjust. As properly assume that the remaining pages, their

sporting slang, their political hysterics, their murders and their markets, mirror the minds of men.

Yet the newspaper has undoubtedly its significance. It shows, for instance, how hardly the bargaining instinct that's in us withstands the offer of all the print we can carry away for a cent.

Ramsey Benson.

"DON'T you think it is a terrible thing for a young girl like that to spend all of her time playing bridge?"

"Well, I don't know. She almost always wins."

"If the leading lady is a star, what is the chorus?"

"Easy. The Great Bare."

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° LIFE



SOME DAY





A Quick Recovery from the Recent Spasm

HOW awful it was while it lasted—that spasm of newspaper virtue over the naughty plays. And what a complete and speedy recovery! Net results to date:

Perhaps a few parents have been made a little more cautious about the theatregoing of their young persons.

The enemies of the legitimate stage and the sensational preachers have been supplied with fresh ammunition.

The five entertainments inveighed against are still doing business at the old stands.

Mr. Abraham L. Erlanger, largely interested in the success of "Miss Innocence" and the other Held-Ziegfeld shows, and also a large advertising patron of the daily newspapers, has been permitted to exploit himself in the news columns as a protector of the morals of the stage.

The daily newspapers are still appearing at regular intervals.

Killed and wounded—none.

All over.

* * *



THERE were two most agreeable surprises in the opening performance of "A Woman's Way." One was that we have in Mr. Thompson Buchanan a new dramatist who can construct a comedy, fit it with clever situations and supply his characters with witty and laughable lines. The other was that Grace George has developed,

since last we were permitted to see her, from a moderately successful emotional actress into a very charming and expert comedienne.

Instead of having been written by a novice Mr. Buchanan's comedy might well have been the work of a master hand. Not once did he resort to the old tricks of mistaken identities, hiding in closets or behind screens. In addition it is a clean play in most of its detail and in all of its tendencies. It is not hazardous to say that "A Woman's Way" will give a great many laughs to a great many thousands of persons before it shall have outlived its usefulness.

Grace George's work is simply delightful. She has a sense of fun, she is just enough coquettish, she is properly demure at the right moments, she suits herself admirably to many changing moods and she gives one or two really pathetic touches which heighten the value of all the rest. The audience is with her from start to finish in her plucky single-handed fight for her husband's love, and laughs with her in every one of her laughing triumphs. Dorothy Tennant—she of "College Widow" girlish beauty—has developed into a handsome woman, with just exactly the poise and presence to be the flirtatious person who has played hob with the affections of almost all the male characters. The other women in the cast destroy the air of distinction which should characterize the



ADVICE TO THE DROWNING

"K-KEEP YOURSELF C-COMpletely SUBMERGED, OLD MAN—ALL BUT YOUR NOSTRILS—AND REMAIN P-PERFECTLY MOTIONLESS, AND YOU'LL FIND YOU CAN FLOAT—RE-ALLY."

social life supposed to be depicted in the play. The men are well chosen. Mr. Frank Worthing has never done better work. In the comedy scene, in which he is devilled by his wife in fact and his wife in expectation, his accomplishment lies in the highest realms of the comedian's art. Mr. Robert Warwick portrays with much dash an experienced New York bachelor, Mr. Reginald Carrington is a good butler of the solemn type and Mr. Edward Fielding is a refreshing composite picture of the persistent but "straight" reporters who are a credit to their calling.

"A Woman's Way" is the way to success for Grace George and Thompson Buchanan.

* * *



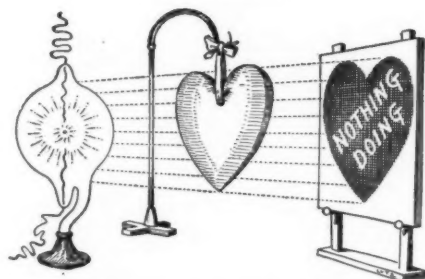
HE slowness of performance in the early scenes of "This Woman and This Man" is realism carried too far. It cannot be denied that it is realism for persons to pause between sentences when they are deeply moved, but it is not a faulty convention of stage art that these natural pauses shall at times be shortened and at others be only indicated. It is only human to tire of too much concentration, and in this particular the author and stage-manager imperil the very effects they seek.

Mr. Avery Hopwood has written in "This Woman and This Man" a drama of very considerable power. The motive is one of the primary ones and therefore the play is not for the young person, especially as the cause and consequences are very plainly set forth. Adults, however, may justify the performance on the ground that what is commonly called sin is not made attractive and brings in its train a satisfactory amount of unhappiness. The growing frequency of stage expositions of this sort and their acceptance by the public may be a mark of growing new thought concerning certain moral and social conventions, new thought based on the changed position of woman in the economy of our material life. The stage has grown to be a very quick reflector of current thought and this play is in the line of some questions that are being asked with more frequent repetition and greater insistence.

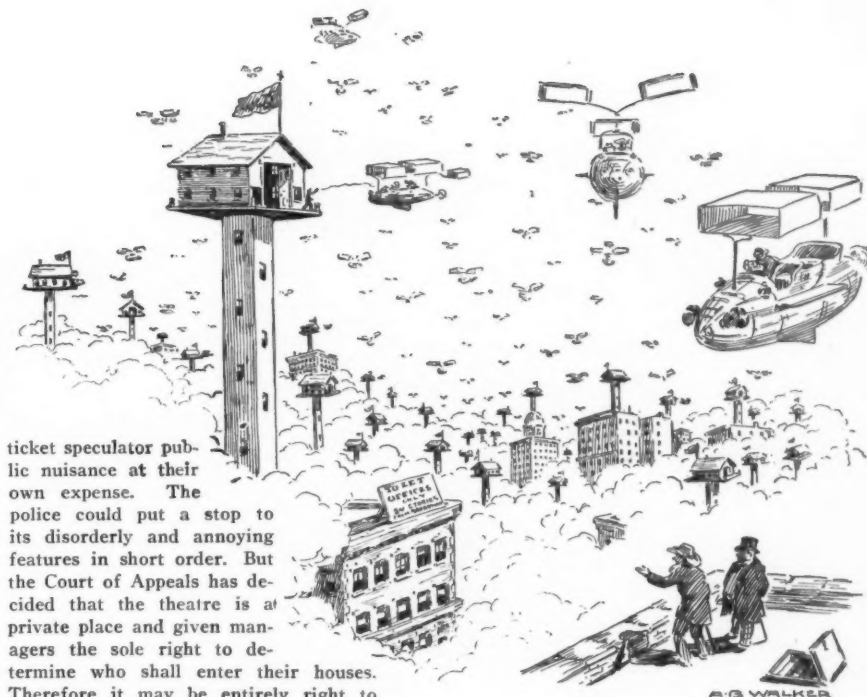
The combined hero and villain is a young man who has been spoiled into believing that he must have whatever he wants, when he wants it, and that he need not face the consequences of having it. Mr. Milton Sills is not a very engaging young actor, but he brought to the part just the requisite brusqueness and unreasonableness to make it understandable. Carlotta Nillson triumphed over certain natural disadvantages in the highly emotional scenes, and made her mental agony felt across the footlights. She was winsome in the homelier moments, as in "The Three of Us." Clever child actors have ceased to be phenomena, but the work of John Tansey as the compelling influence toward a happy termination of the play was really remarkable.

"This Woman and This Man" is pretty strong meat, but we are getting used to the flavor of that viand.

N a way it is a hardship that honest managers should have to fight the



INTERESTING EXPERIMENT WITH A COQUETTE'S HEART.



1910

"PIGEON-HOUSES?"
"NO. AERO-GARAGES."

ticket speculator public nuisance at their own expense. The police could put a stop to its disorderly and annoying features in short order. But the Court of Appeals has decided that the theatre is a private place and given managers the sole right to determine who shall enter their houses. Therefore it may be entirely right to make the innocent managers suffer for the faults of the guilty ones who use and encourage the speculators when they have need of them.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Mr. David Warfield in "A Grand Army Man." Well acted comedy of American village life.

Astor—"The Man from Home." Amusing piece exploiting the personal peculiarities of Mr. William Hodge and the superiority of American brains to foreign brands.

Belasco—"The Fighting Hope." Blanche Bates and good support in interesting drama of to-day.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." The funny side of Washington politics.

Broadway—"A Stubborn Cinderella." Musical comedy of the ordinary type.

Casino—"Havana." Agreeable imported musical comedy with Mr. James T. Powers as the comedian.

Circle—"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Musical farce. One of the objectionables.

Criterion—Marie Doro in "The Richest Girl." Notice later.

Daly's—Miss Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason." Drama of the French Revolution in verse. The star at her best.

Empire—"What Every Woman Knows." Excellently acted comedy with Mr. Barrie's humor in profusion.

Garrick—"The Patriot." Mr. William Collier provoking many laughs.

Hackett—Grace George in "A Woman's Way." See opposite.

Herald Square—"A Woman of Impulse." Notice later.

Hippodrome—The unceasing and amusing cycle of ballet, circus and spectacle.

Hudson—"The Third Degree." Very moving and absorbing drama with police oppression as its first motive.

Lyric—"The Blue Mouse." Farce, laughable but torrid.

Majestic—"The Three Twins." The home of "Yama-Yama."

Manhattan Opera House—The only Oscar and his song-birds.

Marine Elliott's Theatre—Carlotta Nillson in "This Woman and This Man." See opposite.

Savoy—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle." Dramatic exposition of the difficulties of practical socialism.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way." Strong play of vicious life very well acted.

Weber's—"The Girl from Rector's." Neither funny nor amusing.

Wallack's—"The New Lady Bantock." Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's not very successful attempt at a comedy.

What They Will Give Up During Lent

MR. ROOSEVELT will not call any one a liar for the entire forty days—except on Sunday. That being a feast day, and not a regular part of Lent, he will indulge himself as usual.

Mr. Rockefeller will abstain from thinking about his good points.

Mr. Horace Fletcher will chew gum.

Professor William James, of Harvard, will stop talking philosophy, and try to be serious.

A Friend's Opinion

Ah, LIFE! dear LIFE! each time you come,
I smile, then gurgie, then gasp for breath.
Ah, well! 'tis the common fate of all:
In the midst of LIFE we are tickled to death.

Little Old New York



COLLECTION of brick, stone, steel, cement, lath, plaster and mortgages, arranged in ugly and inartistic masses, separated and criss-crossed by ribbons of asphalt, cobblestones and filth, superimposed upon a small island called Manhattan which is punctured and subwaged like a Swiss cheese.

New York is the metropolis of America, the mouth of the republic, the tongue of the nation, the eye of the continent, a pocket edition of Babel, a digest of the

United States, with fewer Americans and more Americanism than any spot between Calais, Me., and the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the first aid to national assimilation, swallowing all that floats up past the Goddess of Liberty; and what it cannot digest it pushes over the Harlem bridge into the rural and suburban remainder of the republic, to be trimmed, skinned, mixed, moulded, dried, baked and polished into Americanism and rendered fit to return to Gotham for financial depilitation.

New York is the promised land, looking green, fat, luscious and joyous from the outside deserts; the promised land flowing with milk and honey, the pasturage of lambs and bulls, and of bears which eat up those who monkey with the profits; a land of promise where the flesh pots smell savory, where the labels are better than the bottles, where the bricks are gold and the goods are green; where the Good Samaritan bathes the wounds of the man from Jericho, Ind., with knock-out drops, relieves him of his financial pains and has him sent to the Island for repairs.

Every race on earth claims New York; some pre-empt it; some own it; some imagine they own it; all cultivate it; a chosen few harvest it; and all agree that it makes Paris and paradise look like a circus lemonade. The Anglo-Saxon grubs, grafts and growls in New York; the Teuton guzzles, grunts and garners there; Israel fleeces, finances, and franchises it; the modest Celt rules, regulates and robs it; and all and several give the stranger within her gates the glad hand—in the solar plexus and the breeches pocket.

New York is the hot and haughty hub of the universe. Boston, which once claimed the title, has moved out along the spokes to the rim, looking like a faded freckle on a rubber tire, trying to eke out a reputation as a summer resort on a precarious capital of east wind, theology and clam flats. As a pleasure resort New York is at the head of the procession; as a watering place it is an alcoholic failure; its water wagons are stored in Brooklyn, and the passengers of the wagons in Bloomingdale; and over the city portals the visiting sport may read, "Abandoned dope for ye who enter here."

New York is It. No man will ever see its finish, not even a contractor. It is the home of the dead-game sport, the cold bottle, the hot bird, the rugged motorman, the courtly cop, the roaring reformer, the innocent insurance man, the yellow press peril, the black hand, the red table d'hôte wine, the blue ruin and all the ingredients of a strenu-

ous life and a swift finish. It has other birds besides the hot one on the broiler and the stiff ones in cold storage. The American eagle makes a one-night stand there on the Glorious Fourth; the other 364 days he roosts low and mute in the Bronx Zoo, and his job of screaming is understudied by the turkey buzzard and cormorant. All nights are devoted to the Manhattan lark, a nocturnal humming bird, sometimes known as the tenderloin mocking bird. The Bowery carrier pigeon, which is called the stork, is tolerated below Fourteenth street and on the East Side; but the chippy flutters on the Rialto and the British sparrow on the avenue.

Ye who have listened with credulity to the whisper of the rubberneck wagonman in Poston and Chicago should pack up your unearned increment and hie to New York; and as you go home with a keeper to a sanitarium, you can say with joy, "I have looked upon the Promised Land; now let thy servant negotiate the promissory note." *Joseph Smith.*

FORTUNATELY it isn't so much what the world knows about us as what they think of us.

The House That Jack Built: Tabulated

Read from the Bottom Upwards, as You Would Build a House.

Deprivations	
Books	}
Cigars	
Vacations	
New Suit	
Wife's Hat	
Piano	
Automobile	
Sirlo' College Ed.	
Etc.	
Etc. Etc.	
Sundries	}
Carpenter	
Painter	
Plumber	
Gas Water	

This is the Mortgage superimposed upon the Bills added to the Insurance that swelled the Tax that gobbled the Rent that was "saved" on the House that Jack built.

These are the Bills added to the Insurance that swelled the Tax that gobbled the Rent that was "saved" on the House that Jack built.

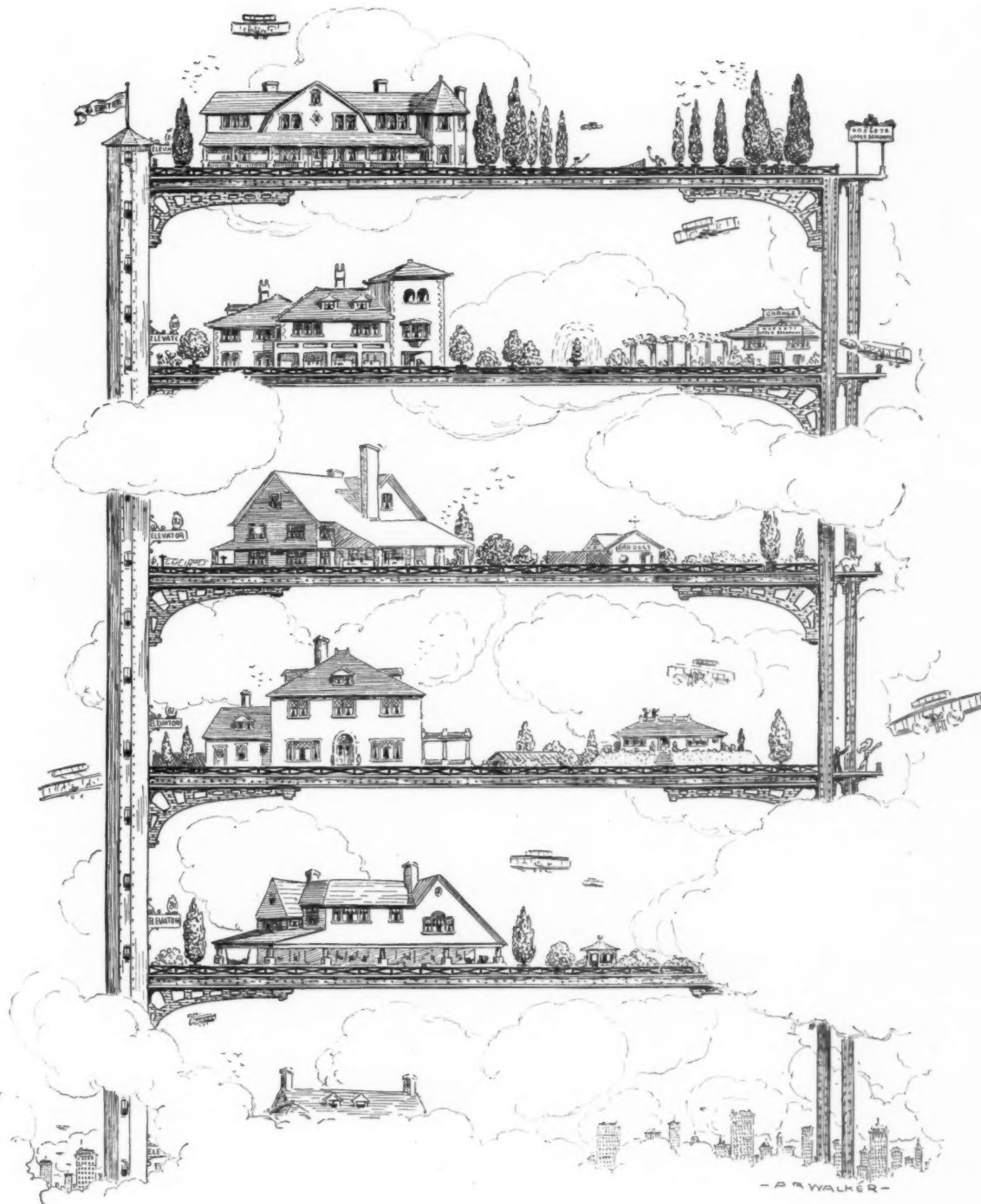
This, the Insurance that swelled the Tax that (see below).

This is the Tax that gobbled the Rent that was "saved" on the House that Jack built.

This is the Rent "saved" on the House that Jack built.

This is the House that Jack built!

Frederick Moxon.



"BUY A COZY COTTAGE IN OUR STEEL CONSTRUCTED CHOICE LOTS, LESS THAN A MILE ABOVE BROADWAY. ONLY TEN MINUTES BY ELEVATOR. ALL THE COMFORTS OF THE COUNTRY WITH NONE OF ITS DISADVANTAGES."—Celestial Real Estate Company.



NEW YORK SITES
"CORNER OF ANN"

"The Play's the Thing"

WITH a robust optimism which does credit to human nature, Mr. Kyrle Bellew expressed in Philadelphia last January his sanguine views anent the modern drama. What he liked best about it was its fidelity to nature, its rejection of the "honeyed artificiality" which cloyed our helpless youth. "To succeed now," said Mr. Bellew, "a play must incorporate one original and practical idea. It must be a reflection of truth itself, devoid of theatrical artifices, and developed along the rigid lines of sincerity."

We wonder what successes of the past five years Mr. Bellew had in mind when he spoke. We wonder if the public could endure a reflection of life itself on the stage, or if the absence of theatrical artifices would not leave us gasping and forlorn. Certainly the artifices employed in "The Thief" are of an engagingly transparent nature; while the gentlemanly detective, whose profession nobody suspects, and the self-immolating lover who, to save the heroine's reputation, confesses a crime which he has not committed, are characters endeared to us by the intimacy of a lifetime. It is the same charm of the familiar which makes us hail in "The Man from Home" our dear old friend, the villain, who has stolen his friend's money, stolen his friend's wife, and betrayed his friend to the Russian police—a glorious triplet of crimes attainable only on the stage. When the victim escapes from Siberia—though he hasn't sense enough to take him through an open door—and with the unerring instinct of the drama wings his flight straight to Sorrento—which isn't exactly a Siberian borderland—and to the hotel where the villain is practicing fresh villainies, thus permitting the really delightful American to play the *Deus ex machina* on terms revoltingly easy, we know that it is not the "rigid lines of sincerity," but the flexible laws of stageland which control the action of the play. We know, too, that in real life the "Music Master's" long lost daughter would be living in Seattle or Kansas City—if she



HOW SOON?



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BUYING A HOME SITE HERE?"

"DECIDEDLY NOT! THEY SAY THESE LOTS ARE HIGH AND DRY AT LOW TIDE."

hadn't died in infancy of the measles—but we are none the less pleased to see her open her father's door, as soon as Mr. Warfield's elaborate explanations have enabled us to grasp her identity. Aristotle's complaint that a Greek audience weakly wanted happy endings to their plays (Heaven knows they were not often gratified) proves that audiences have changed but little in the past two thousand years.

Even the dramatic homily, which is our latest adoption, follows with docility the oldest of stage traditions. "The Servant in the House" was written for our edification rather than for our entertainment; but when the stage child sits on the table and expounds the somewhat complicated situation to the butler, a pleasant sense of familiarity steals over our receptive hearts. When she prattles of her absent father, we recognize the cue, and prepare ourselves for a reunited family. In sermons, as in plays, we like best what we have always known. "Les anciens ont tout dit." *Agnes Repplier.*



"WILL BE BACK SHORTLY"

The Destruction of New York

HENRY HOPE lay at full length on the bluff of the West End of the Island of Nantucket, gazing idly and wearily up at the sky. In the offing lay his steam yacht, which had borne him there a few hours before.

Henry Hope was twenty-five years old, and there was practically nothing left for him to live for. He had been everywhere. He had seen everything. Not a sensation but he had experienced. And, now, in the depths of a world-intense boredom, he lay looking up at the sky.

Beside him sat Arthur Van Camp, his friend, the one who usually accompanied him.

Arthur held in his hand the half torn sheet of a Sunday paper, which he was reading.

Suddenly he looked up and said, half laughing:

"I see that New York is to be destroyed this month by a tremendous convulsion of nature. Here's the account, or prediction."

"When is it to be?" said Henry.

"Why, it's supposed to be pulled off in the early part of August."

"What day is to-day?"

"The fifth."

"Well, it's got to happen soon." Arthur smiled, lazily, as he threw the paper away, and the wind, catching it, blew it along the cliff.

"It would be a pity if we weren't there to see it," he said.

"So it would. I hadn't thought of that."

There was a considerable silence.

Then Henry Hope raised himself on his elbow.

"It would be a pity," he repeated, "if we weren't there to see it."

His friend looked at him skeptically.

"You haven't any idea that it's going to happen, have you?" he said.

"That isn't the point at all. The point is, that even if the chances are millions to one against its happening, we don't want to miss it. Good Heavens, man, do you realize what that would mean? Why, we would kick ourselves all the rest of our lives."

"So we would."

"Just think, here we are with absolutely nothing to do. Let's believe it, and be on the spot anyway. We can't lose anything."

"We might lose a good deal," said

Arthur, grimly, "if we were on the spot and it didn't happen."

"But we can get at a respectable distance. Run along and get that paper and get the fakir's address. He may be on the level after all. I had my fortune told once, and the chap predicted I'd fall in love with a tall blonde from Chicago inside of three weeks, and I'll be hanged if I didn't."

"That was a pretty safe proposition," said Arthur, "considering that you were on your way to Monte Carlo, where you couldn't walk a block without running up against a tall blonde from Chicago."

"Well, never mind. Get the fellow's name."

"Here it is," said Arthur, returning with the paper. "Professor Pickering Gasston, Bethlehem, Pa."

"Is there a long-distance telephone on the island?"

"I don't think so. We'll call him up from Newport."

In a few hours more, Henry was shouting over the Casino telephone to Bethlehem, Pa.

Professor Gasston was hard to locate, but they finally got him.

Yes. It was all right. The thing would happen on the eighth, at eight o'clock a. m.

"Good," exclaimed Henry, as he shut down the receiver. "The Professor, whoever he is, certainly tells a straightforward story, only he insisted on getting my full name and address first. Now for business. Where shall we see it?"

"How about the Palisades?"

"Too near. They will probably cave in. You see, from what his royal prophets says, there's hell to pay underneath already. There's an immense crack running slowly through the centre of the earth. It began at 'Frisco, and as near as I can determine, it will wind up under the Waldorf palm room. When this happens, dear old New York will give a convulsive shudder, rise up in the air and pass away. Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and other well-known baby marts, will follow suit. There isn't going to be any place safe enough where we can get near enough to see it."

"How about a balloon?"

"By Jove, I hadn't thought of that. Just the thing. I saw an account of a chap who was sailing over town the other day. We'll get his."

Inside of forty-eight hours the two friends had completed their arrangements. They secured a fine dirigible balloon, and at one o'clock on the morning of the fifth they waited impatiently in a large outhouse on the edge of Fordham.

Arthur had been through a scientific school, and a little coaching on the part of the owner was all he needed to manipulate the air vessel.

"Strange that we never thought of doing this before," said Henry, as they slowly arose in the air, while below them glittered the countless lights of the huge metropolitan district. "By Jove, old man, isn't it great? Why, even if nothing happens, it's worth while. Where are you going?"

"I thought," said Arthur, as he manipulated the steering gear, while he peered at the phosphorescent clock, "that I'd just take a turn over the town before the thing happened. You see, it won't do to be over it when it does happen, because gases might arise, or rocks might be blown up, or we might be drawn into the vortex."

"Well, don't linger too long in the danger zone."

They were now over Harlem. They could see the ferryboats, like lightning bugs, floating across the river. It was as if underneath the surface of the earth there was a vast reservoir of light that streamed forth from a myriad pin holes.

They went as far as Sandy Hook, and then turned back.

"Six thirty," said Arthur, at last.

"Well, we might as well take our position. I should say over the Newark meadows would be a safe place."

"All right."

The balloon slowly drifted across the Hudson River, past Hoboken, until the thin line of the Passaic as it passed through Newark could be seen. Then they hung motionless.

Below them lay New York in apparently dead silence.

And yet there were certain signs of the matchless, resistless energy going on in that vast teeming human hot-bed.

Lines of smoke drifted on. Vessels of all sizes could be seen. Occasionally, clear and distinct, the vibration of a whistle reached them in the clear morning air.

It was not as though they had left the earth. It was as though the earth had left them—had slipped down away from them.

Suddenly, while they were looking at the wonderful scene, there was a low rumbling sound in the distance, that gradually increased in volume.

"Look!" exclaimed Henry. "What is that?"

The two friends peered breathlessly over the sides of the balloon car. They were, indeed, the only privileged spectators of the greatest disaster known in history.

An immense crack suddenly appeared in the earth, beginning just east of White Plains. And, as if a great unknown giant suddenly, as we take an apple, had grasped the earth between his hands and split it open, the immense fissure grew open with tremendous, incredible rapidity.

Down the centre of the Isle of Manhattan the crack ran. While the friends, grasping each other's hands in a frightful emotion, gazed almost fainting on the awful scene, the entire city disappeared in the yawning chasm, the rivers rushed into the void. A huge column of steam arose and volumes of black smoke poured upward. The atmosphere grew dark as night. A cloud of cinders filled the air.

"Quick!" muttered Henry, "or we are lost."

Arthur, almost incapable of any movement, half mechanically turned on the power, and the balloon began to move swiftly away from the terrible scene, in the direction of Philadelphia.

At intervals, they gazed backward, but the cloud of darkness enveloped the earth; nothing but a black curtain of night; above it the blood red sun.

Henry grasped Arthur's arm.

"Come," he said, blindly, "let us go to Bethlehem, to the professor, whatever's his name."

"All right. We can learn the particulars from him."

In fifty minutes more they had descended on the outskirts of Bethlehem.

In this peaceful Pennsylvania town all was quiet—a welcome relief from the horrors they had witnessed.

A crowd gathered to witness their descent.

From one of the spectators they learned the whereabouts of Professor Gasston.

In fifteen minutes more they were sitting in the office of that gentleman. The door opened, and a tall, ascetic individual, with a wonderful eye, entered the room.

"Gentlemen, you are prompt."

"Did you expect us?" said Henry.

"Certainly. How did you enjoy the destruction of New York?"

The two friends, still pale with their excitement, shuddered simultaneously.

"Frightful," they murmured.

"Well, I am glad it gave you a thrill. Hope you will call on me again. One hundred dollars, please."

Arthur started up.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "How can you make light of such a terrible thing?"

The Professor smiled.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you certainly could not pay a higher compliment to my powers."

"You mean—"

"I mean that you have only been hypnotized, by my wonderful new discovery, into believing and actually witnessing the destruction of New York. Now, all things are mental, you understand. I merely made you go through the sensations of seeing a disaster, which, of course, never actually took place."

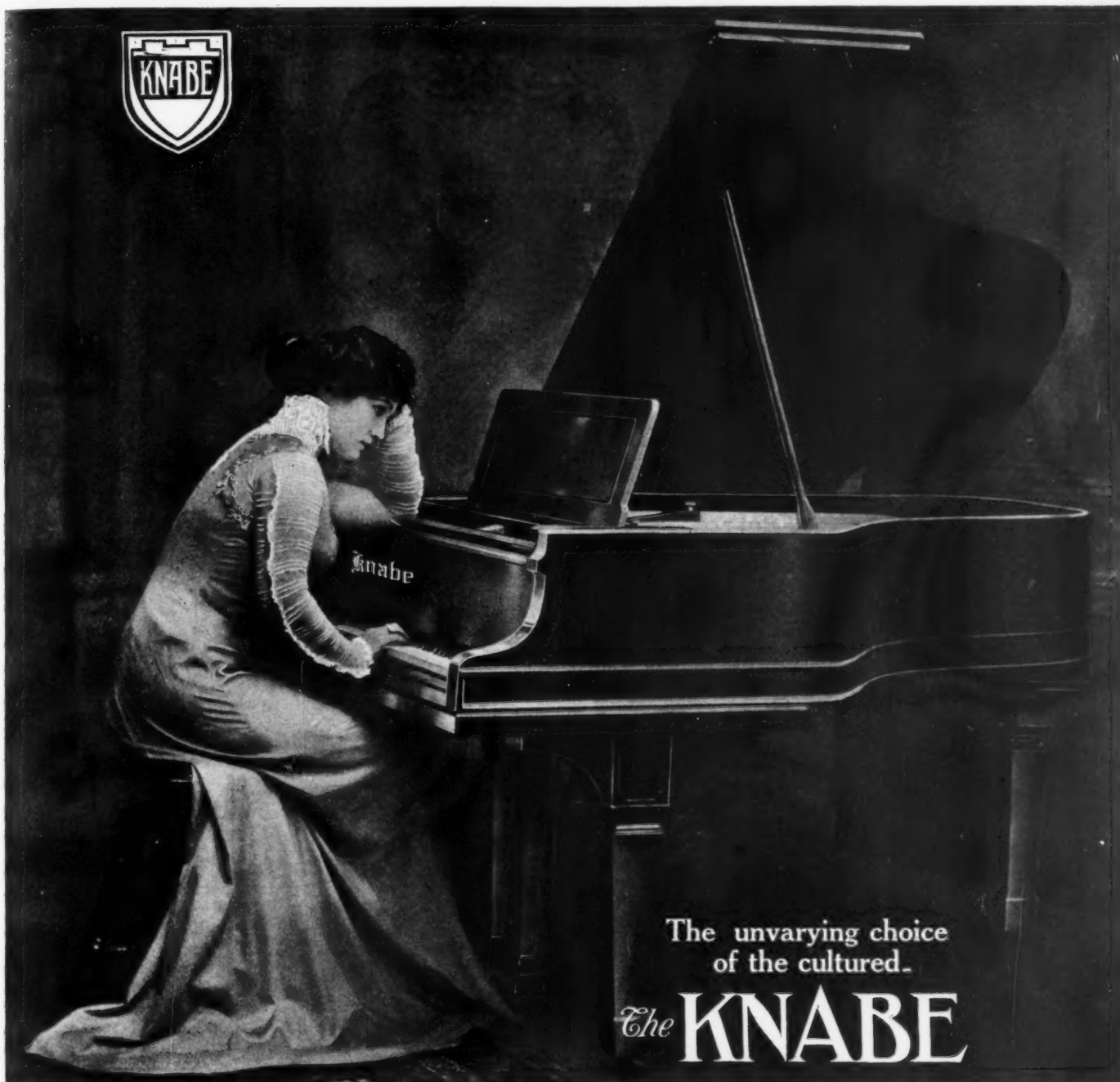
There was a short pause. Then Henry Hope, putting his hand in his pocket and extracting a thousand dollar bill, said:

"Professor, it was worth to me ten times the amount you have asked, and I cheerfully make you a present of this little testimonial to your extraordinary ability. But there is one thing I would like to ask. How in the world could you trust us? How did you know that we would come to you right after the show was over, and pay up?"

And the Professor, bowing his acknowledgments, replied gracefully:

"My dear sir, if I could hypnotize you into seeing what you have seen, don't you suppose I could hypnotize you into coming here and paying for it?"

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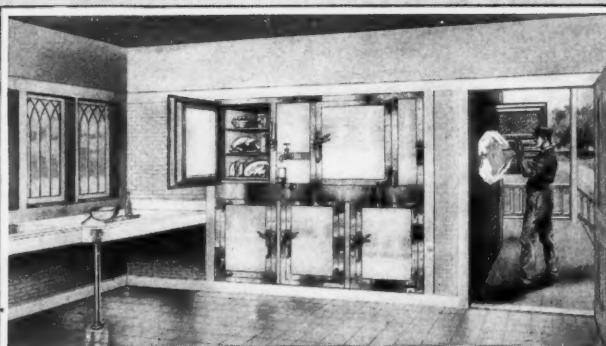
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THE FASHION NUMBER

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To see ourself as ithers see us.*

Gentle Reader:

As you sit back and read this Real Estate number, don't you feel a passing wonder at Life's treatment of what you may have thought was a prosaic subject?

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Center page cartoon by Blashfield, depicting the evolution of fashions from the Year One.

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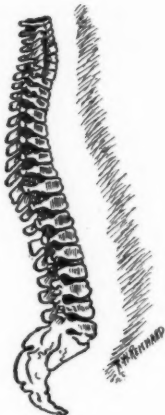
The Worth of a Woman

Whatever the wage of the world may be
At the close of the toiling day,
For a task too slight for the world to see,
As it measures men's work for pay,

He is rich in the tribute of rarer lands
That reckon world's wage above—
In the touch of a woman who understands—
In the thought of a woman's love.
—Charlotte Louise Rudyard in *Harper's Bazar*.

The Shadow of Coming Events

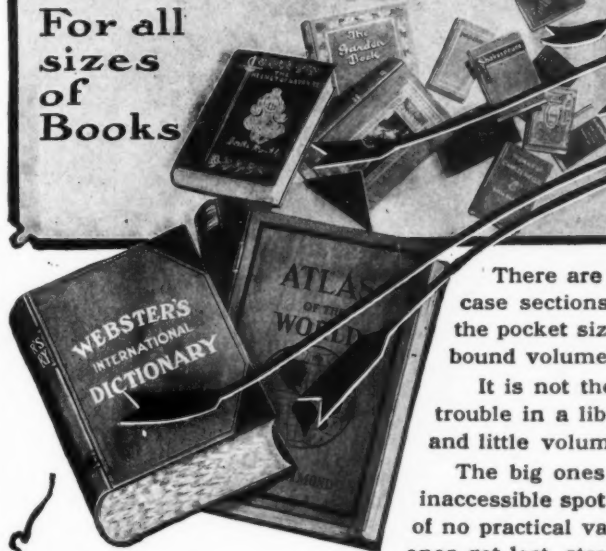
"You look so pale and thin. What's got you?"
"Work. From morning to night and only a one hour rest."
"How long have you been at it?"
"I begin to-morrow."—*Success*.



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The Wrong Door

Charles E. Wells, who has been called the ground-hog Senator of West Virginia, because he once introduced a bill advocating the changing of Ground Hog Day, from February 2d to July 4th, was staying overnight at the Grand Hotel of a budding West Virginia village not long since.

He was awakened in the morning by heavy pounding on his door, and the voice of the old man night clerk saying, "Five o'clock! Better get up or you'll miss your train."

Mr. Wells didn't intend to catch a morning train, and hadn't given any instructions that he should be called at the unearthly hour of five o'clock, so he paid no attention to the old man's early morning greeting and was asleep again almost immediately.

In about fifteen minutes he was again awakened by the pounding on his door, and heard the voice of the old man saying apologetically, "Don't get up. I rapped on the wrong door."—FRANK O'DAY in *Lippincott's*.

THE child saw Mr. Smith, wearing a silk hat and smoking a cigar, go past the house. "Mamma," said she, "why doesn't Mr. Smith fix the draught so's the smoke'll go up his chimney?"—*Town and Country*.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

How to Prepare a Husband

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled in the cooking. Some women set them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It is not reasonable to suppose that any husband can be tender and appetizing treated in this way, but they are really delicious when properly prepared. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as in picking salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him. The best are always brought to your door. But it is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him.

A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best; but if you have nothing but an earthen pipkin, it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings securely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong comfort cord. The duty cord is breakable and apt to let him fly out of the kettle and become burnt and crusty on the edge. Of course, you know that like a crab or lobster,



"GEE, BUT I'M GLAD I DIDN'T TAKE OUT A
LEASE ON THIS PLACE."

you have to cook him alive. Set him near a clear, steady fire of love, neatness and cheerfulness. If he sputters and fizzles, do not be anxious. Some do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice will improve him, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir gently, watching the while lest he lie too flat and too close to the kettle, and so become flabby.

If thus treated you will find him digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children. He will keep as long as you like, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.—*Ethel Weiland, in Woman's Home Companion.*

His Exception

A religious worker, while visiting a Western town, gave a "Talk for Men," during the course of which he expressed his conviction that no young man should visit any place to which he would not feel justified in taking his own sister.

"Is there any young men present who thinks one may safely disregard this wise rule?" asked the speaker.

Whereupon a youth in the rear of the hall arose and shouted in a stentorian tone:

"Yes, sir, I do!"

"And what, sir," demanded the angry and surprised speaker, "Is the place which you yourself would think of visiting to which you could not take your sister?"

"The barber shop!" replied the youth.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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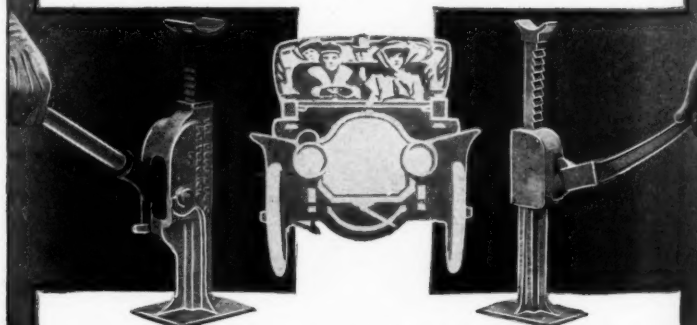
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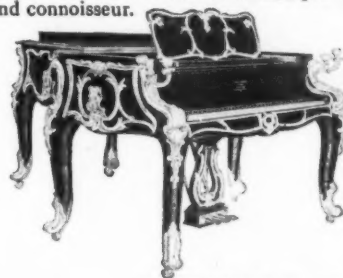
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To the
Home



A Substitute for Work

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!"
exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home
from college. "Look! To develop the arms I
grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly
from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father; "what
won't science discover! If that rod had straw
at the other end you'd be sweeping."—*Success*.

AUNT ANNE, an old family dorky, was sitting
with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the
young daughter of the house entered and, im-
pressed with the hugeness of the old woman's
feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin
wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese
yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd
knows dey hu'ts me!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the
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The Jury's Verdict

A south Missouri man recently was tried on a
charge of assault. The State brought into court
as the weapons used a rail, an axe, a pair of
tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's coun-
sel exhibited as the other man's weapons a
scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe.
The jury's verdict is said to have been:

"Resolved, That we the jury would have given
\$1 to have seen the fight."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Did you enjoy your ride in the taxicab?"
"N-not exactly. I was t-too busy watching
the indicator."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"THE time, the place and the girl. How sel-
dom we see them together."

"And another rare combination is the man,
the scheme and the coin."—*Louisville Courier-
Journal*.

WHEN the salary is doubled there will not be
so many by half who would rather be right than
be President.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

"In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE"



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

His Tribute

The essential difference between the signifi-
cation of words and terms in the English tongue
which are almost the same in etymology and
origin is a great element of difficulty to a for-
eigner who is learning the language—a fact to
which a certain *attaché* of a foreign mission at
Washington recently testified.

When the budding diplomatist in question ar-
rived at our national capital a year or two ago,
he soon capitulated to the charms of a young
woman of the official set, and they speedily be-
came the best of friends. A month or so ago
the *attaché* returned to this country after a
lengthy leave of absence passed in his own land.
About the first thing he did on reaching Wash-
ington was to send a note to the lady of his ad-
miration, wherein, to her astonishment and in-
dignation, he gave expression to this sentiment:

"Once more, my dear friend, I shall gaze upon
your unmatched eyes."—*Harper's Weekly*.

He Knew

A member of the Nebraska legislature was
making a speech on some momentous question
and, in concluding said:

"In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote
the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me
death.'"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and
whispered:

"Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary;
it was Noah."

"Noah nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah
built the ark."—*Buffalo News*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

The Angle of the Blade

The proper angle is ab-
solutely necessary to a com-
fortable, close shave and
it is found only in the

KEEN KUTTER Safety Razor

The angle is just right to shave the beard close to the
skin without scraping or slipping over.

This adjustment is the result
of patient experimenting and
you will find it to be absolutely
correct. The angle at which
you will naturally hold it is the
angle at which it will give you
a perfect shave.

In quality the Keen Kutter
blades are of Keen Kutter perfec-
tion—guaranteed as are all other
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St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



No. K-1 Silver Plated in Black Genuine
Leather Case, \$3.50

No. K-3 Gold Plated in Genuine English
Pigskin Case, \$5.00.



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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The Baby Speaks

All newly born babies who desire to have a copy of the following on a card, to hang around their necks, can obtain one free by applying to this office:

Don't handle me more than is necessary.

Don't put into my mouth, to stop me from crying, an old piece of rubber to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Don't let any relatives see me.

Don't take me up, strain me to your breast, walk the floor with me, dance before me like a wild Indian shaking a horrible rattle, or talk gibberish to me, when I have a crying spell. There may be something serious the matter with me, but this isn't going to help.

When I push away my bottle, don't force me to feed. I know when it is necessary for me to eat anything.

Don't take me to the circus, prayer-meeting, or to spend the day at the seashore. I'm not so old or so fool-proof as you are.

Don't kiss me. Take some one of your own size.

Don't show your anxiety about me when in my presence. I haven't any too much confidence in myself.

Don't be too proud of my unnatural brightness. It may be a form of degeneracy.

Don't tell anybody that I am only a little animal. Let them guess it for themselves.

Don't take my temperature, or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation.

Don't let the light strike into my eyes.

Don't rock me to sleep. Remember that the hand that rocks the cradle is ruled by the baby.—Lippincott's.

BACON: Didn't I notice you were moving up at your house to-day?

EGBERT: Yes; all but the hired man.—Yonkers Statesman.



Encourage Listless Convalescence On To Rapid Recovery

Have you ever been through a real serious siege of sickness? How well you remember when the danger point was passed and the cheerful possibility of getting better began to be realized. Then commenced a long and tedious task of coaxing and coddling the enfeebled organs of the body back to natural health, vigor and strength. At this vital stage, when exhausted nature is seeking to regain her own, you will find

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

It combines the nutritive properties of an ideal liquid food and the restorative qualities of a perfect tonic. Blending in correct proportions the nutritive and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt with the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops, it offers a nourishment in predigested form. Being easily assimilated, it rapidly builds tissue, muscle and sinew. By strengthening the vitality, it creates a desire for more solid food and furnishes the power for digestion, after which the road to recovery is short.



Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

At All Druggists—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12

MILWAUKEE, WIS.



An Instantaneous Affair

A cup of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate. Note "Instantaneous." It is the only instantaneous chocolate. Its flavor is a revelation.

For fifty years the best grocers have sold Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate and the first families have used it.

This is the only chocolate that can be made correctly, instantly, without any boiling. Mix it with boiling milk or boiling water—then serve.

A leading druggist in every community is agent for Whitman's Chocolates and Confections. If you do not find a dealer near at hand, send 50 cents for a sample tin of Instantaneous Chocolate. Send for book of recipes—FREE—entitled "An Instantaneous Affair."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of "Whitman's Fuss Package for Fastidious Folks."

Whitman's

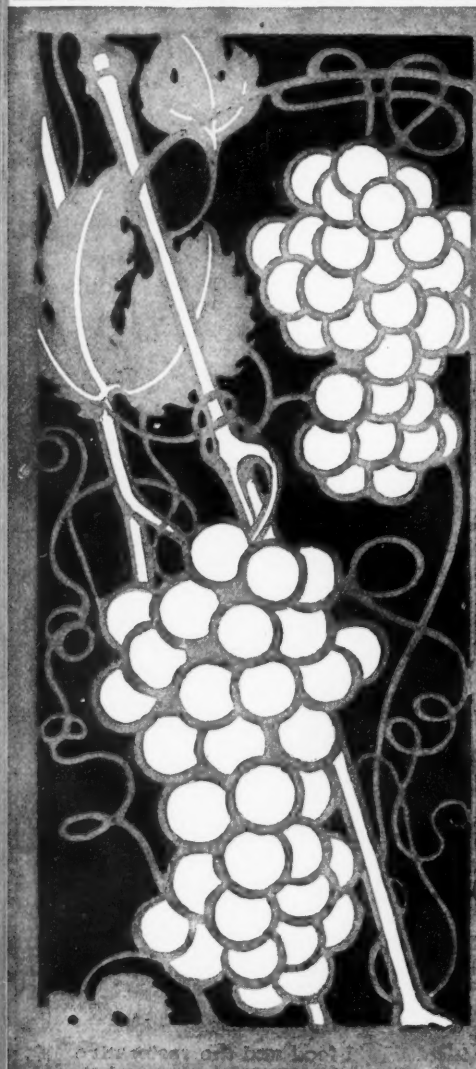
Cause for Reflection

"The editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one. "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"—Ladies' Home Journal.



PROCESS in grape juice making is very simple—so simple that many try it, yet so distinctly a process of infinite care and detail that many fail.

Perhaps the real secret of the Welch process is that at every step the grapes and the juice are handled with all possible quickness and cleanliness.

We have special machinery, either designed by us or built for us, and not used in making any other grape juice. Recently we introduced a system of pasteurizing in the bottle at a lower uniform temperature than heretofore. This means better flavor.

Welch's Grape Juice

is stored only in glass containers; never in barrels. Wherever the juice comes in contact with metal, aluminum is used.

The Welch process transfers the natural juice from the luscious clusters to sealed bottles, unchanged in any way.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

A Captain of Industry

"What do you mean by a captain of industry?" asked the Man from Mars. "Has it something to do with the military?"

"No," replied the editor. "A captain of industry has nothing to do with the military except indirectly; that is, except as he finds the military useful in assimilating new markets and old products—such as embalmed beef and the like. No, a captain of industry is a man whom we select to run our industries."

"Indeed!" returned the Man from Mars. "That must be quite an honorable position. Does he pay you anything for such a high privilege?"

The editor had difficulty in keeping back a smile. "Hardly," he replied. "On the contrary, we pay him well, or rather he charges us well, for the honor thus forced upon him."

"You say you pay him?"

"Well, of course, we do not pay him in the form of wages. We pay him in the form of profits."

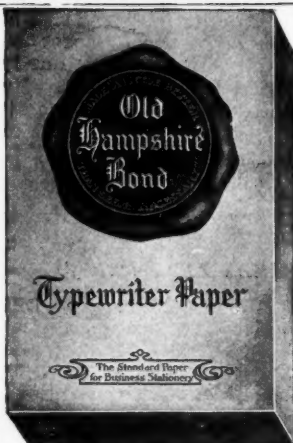
"That is a new system to me," said the Man from Mars, interestedly. "How does it work?"

"Oh, it works all right," said the editor, "so long as the captain of industry can find markets to dispose of his surplus product, for you know all his profit comes from the sale of the surplus over and above what he pays to labor. Of course when markets fail he shuts up his plant."

"What happens then?" pursued the Man from Mars.

"I would rather not talk about it," replied the editor. "It might sound too pessimistic."

—ELLIS O. JONES, in *Success*.



What Typewriter Paper Do You Use?

The idea in buying a particular brand of typewriter paper is good—the best thing, however, is not only to buy by brand but to know the relative merits of the brand you buy.

The paper you use represents you just as the clothes you wear represent you. Bearing your messages and your signature, it cannot fail to carry a suggestion of your character. A clean, crisp sheet of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND adds a message "between the lines," a message of quality.

What we most want is your careful consideration of the use of a paper that fairly represents you—a paper that, finding itself among a pile of twenty or thirty other letters, won't feel at a disadvantage. So, please

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In case you find difficulty in securing Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper from your regular stationer, send us \$2.00 and we will forward you, prepaid, a box of medium weight.

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Complete plants are furnished, including tank, pump and all. No charge is made for engineering service. Satisfactory results guaranteed. The cost is from \$75.00 for small outfit, and up, according to the requirements.

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The "Strong-Arm" Man is not so black As he is sometimes painted. For note this Hero holding up The Lady (who has fainted).

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That's exactly what you can do with the Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove. Has no end of cooking uses. Ready any time of day or night. Can be carried anywhere. The

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Alcohol Gas Stove

is not merely for cooking small dishes; you can cook a dinner on it. Makes its own gas from denatured alcohol. Quick, clean, simple, handy.

Costs a little over one cent an hour to operate. Made with single or double burners. Real Manning-Bowman Quality through and through—the very best. Many utensils to match, from Cutlet Dish to Coffee Percolator, singly or complete with the stove.

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HE artistic rendering of any piece of music is always necessary to the full enjoyment of its beauty. A faulty interpretation mars the harmonic effect and often takes away the very soul of the composition. The one instrument which, to the technically skilled and unskilled alike, makes possible a most artistic interpretation of any selection in the category of Music is—the

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with which each component part, each note of the melody is given emphasis and phrases of lesser value appropriately softened and subdued.

The PHRASING LEVER

a wonderful "tempo" control, so responsive to the varying mood of the performer that every emotional touch is instantly communicated to the instrument and given full expression in the music.

The ARTISTYLE

a new and most instructive system of roll-marking which guides the player through every delicate variation in the tone and tempo of the music. By following these expression-characters it is easy even the novice, to play the piece so well that the rendition cannot be distinguished from the effort of an expert musician.

These three features are patented and are exclusive with the ANGELUS instruments. Don't make the mistake of purchasing another instrument until you have had a practical demonstration of their value.

Write us for our new booklet and name of convenient representative

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MERIDEN, CONN.

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They Met at Luncheon

Baron Hengelmuller, the Austrian Ambassador, was making conversation at a dinner party.

"Did you ever visit the Selkirks?" he inquired of the lady at his right.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied his neighbor airily.

"I have taken luncheon with them many times."

—Saturday Evening Post.

THERE is a story told of a famous singer, Gabrielli, who demanded a fee of 1,000 ducats for singing before the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. "Far too much," said the empress, amazed. "Why, it is more than I pay my field marshals!" "Then let your field marshals sing for you," replied Gabrielli.—Argonaut.

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Prevents Decay

Dentists advise its use.

All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Full Size Can and Booklet sent on

receipt of Five Cents.

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Redfern Whalebone Corsets

The Standard of
Corset Fashion

The Foundation of a
Perfect Fitting Gown

Fashion points to a further develop-
ment of the simplicity of line, em-
phasized in trimless effects,
revealing the entire beauty of
the form—lines, not curves.

Redfern Models are
the only corsets that will
give the unbroken lines
as required by the uncurved figure fashion.

Redfern Models are perfectly comfortable, sitting,
standing, or walking. While the longest models are
very long, there are several inches of the fabric through
which the whalebone does not extend. Redfern
Models, regardless of their price, are boned with the
purest Arctic whalebone—the difference in price results
from the richness of material and elaborateness of mak-
ing—not boxing or shape. Every Redfern is made to
a fashionable fit.

Security
Rubber Bullon
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are attached to
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\$3.00 to \$10.00 per pair,
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AT ALL HIGH CLASS SHOPS.

We have a book of instructions for properly
selecting and fitting the new long-skirt
models. Write for Booklet "L."



THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
New York Chicago Oakland
Copyright 1908,
by The Warner Brothers Co.

THE teacher was giving a geography lesson,
and the class, having traveled from London to
Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was
thoroughly worn out.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to
Germany, that important country governed by
the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please 'm," yawned Tommy Jones, "a
stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin'
the earth!"—Argonaut.

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Cream
Creates a Sun and Wind Proof
Complexion free from pimples,
blackheads and blemishes. It posi-
tively prevents freckles, tan and
sunburn, leaving the skin clear,
soft and velvety. Price 50 cents
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Is dainty and invisible. It adheres well
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"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound
and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

A Fatalist

Commander Peary was talking in New York
about the luck he would have in reaching the
Pole with the *Roosevelt*.

"They say you are a fatalist," said a reporter.
"They say that you believe you are fated to find
the Pole before you die."

The explorer laughed.

"If I am a fatalist," he said, "I assure you
my fatalism is of the working and strenuous
kind—like that of old Abe Cruger.

"Old Abe lived in New England in the days
of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pro-
nounced type; nevertheless, he would not ven-
ture forth without his blunderbuss.

"One day he had an important errand, but

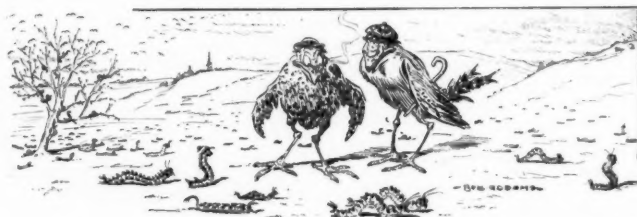
the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was
missing from the rack made of antlers where it
always hung. Some one of his family had taken
it. Abe sat down to wait till it was brought
back.

"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist?"
said a friend.

"So I am," the old man answered.

"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?"
taunted the friend. "You are in no danger from
the Indians, since you can't possibly die till your
time comes."

"Yes," said the old man. "But suppose I was
to meet an Indian and his time had come. It
wouldn't do for me not to have any blunderbuss,
would it?"—Philadelphia Record.



"GREAT SCOTT, BILL, WHY DID WE SWEAR OFF ON CATERPILLARS DURING LENT!"

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

"In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism,
Lithaemia, and the Like, Its Action
is Prompt and Lasting."

George Ben. Johnston, M. D., LL. D., Richmond, Va., Ex-President South-
ern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical
Society, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College
of Virginia: "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of
usefulness, I would **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**. In Uric Acid
unhesitatingly answer **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, Diathesis, Gout,
Rheumatism, Lithaemia, and the like, its beneficial effects are prompt and
lasting. . . . Almost any case of **Pyelitis and Cystitis** will be alleviated
by it, and many cured. I have had evidence of the undoubted **Disintegrat-**
ing, Solvent and Eliminating powers of this water in **Renal Calculus**, and
have known its long continued use to permanently break up the gravel-forming
habit."

Dr. Joseph Holt, of New Orleans, Ex-President of the State Board of Health
of Louisiana, says: **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in affections of the
"I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** kidneys and urinary
passages, particularly in **Gouty** subjects in **Albuminuria**, and in **irritable**
condition of the Bladder and Urethra in females. The results satisfy me of
its extraordinary value in a large class of cases usually most difficult to treat."

Medical testimony on request.

For sale by general Drug and Mineral Water trade.

**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA
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By S. S. Arabic, 16,000 Tons, Oct. 16
30 TOURS TO EUROPE \$250 UP
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The Parson and the Dentist

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation:

"And my mouth shall show forth thy praise!"
—Harper's Weekly.

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Not Quite—in New York

The New York critics are mild and their criticisms mushy.

"If the admission was free, at the end of the first act the actors would owe the audience money."

That is what Ashton Stevens wrote of a production at the San Francisco Grand Opera House. Everybody who read it haw-hawed, and the word was passed along, "Did you see what Ashton Stevens said about the show at the Grand?" And everybody got a copy of the paper and read it. If Stevens should say that about a play in a New York theater he would probably be brought up with a round turn, and his paper would lose the advertising patronage of all the theaters.

"The scenery needed a bath," he once said of a traveling company that presented some spectacular offering at a San Francisco theater.

But that wouldn't do in New York; the managers would not permit it.—Charles Williams, in San José News.

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WOMAN'S NUMBER OF LIFE

An Invitation to All Women Writers

EARLY in the Spring LIFE will issue a Woman's Number, the text of which will be written exclusively by women.

LIFE extends herewith a general invitation to the women writers of this country to contribute to this number. Contributions will be paid for at LIFE's regular rates.

The editors reserve the usual privilege of rejecting all contributions not suited to LIFE's purposes.

This is not a contest. It is an opportunity thrown open to women to express themselves. It is not necessarily confined to well-known writers. No manuscript will be rejected because the writer's views do not happen to coincide with those of this paper.

Among the subjects suggested are Woman Suffrage, the Care of Husbands, Matrimony, Divorce, Babies, Children, Spinsters, Home Decoration, Gardening, Music, Drama, Travel, Woman's Clubs, Shall Women Speak in Public? Local Government, Woman's Dress, Education, Servants and their management, all domestic topics, etc.

Often times the cleverest and most original thought of the week may be expressed in one line.

All contributions should be sent in before March 15, 1909, addressed to the Editor of LIFE.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

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Old Pepper Whiskey has been continuously distilled for more than 128 years.

It is recognized as the finest liquor ever produced in Kentucky.

And the very best of all good whiskeys have always been made in Kentucky.

We are making Old Pepper Whiskey exactly as it was made 128 years ago.

It was the best whiskey known in those days, and it is the best whiskey known today.

If you try it, you'll say so yourself.

How to be Sure of the Genuine

We are the only distillers who have any moral right to make whiskey and label it "Pepper."

This exclusive right descended to The James E. Pepper Distilling Company directly from the old, original Elijah Pepper, who was the pioneer Kentucky distiller.

However, there is one sure way of always getting the original, mellow Old Pepper.

And the first thing to do is to make a mental note of the words "James E."

Then, don't ask for Old Pepper Whiskey any more, but always ask for Old James E. Pepper.

It may be a little more trouble—but you will find it surely worth while.

Just try it and see.

If you have never tried Old James E. Pepper Whiskey you can't be expected to be very enthusiastic about it.

But we'll wager that once you *do* try it, you will never again use anything else.

For every true judge of liquor knows that no other such whiskey is made anywhere in this country.

Here's the Secret!

Old James E. Pepper Whiskey is always uniform.

Uniformity is only possible where identical methods are pursued year after year.

Our men are so old at the service that it has become second nature to them to follow always the same formula.

Other distillers make no attempt at uniformity.

Frequently the product of many distilleries, using totally different methods, are sold under one trade-marked name.

Thus the whiskey may be good today, fair tomorrow and rank the next day.

When you buy a bottle of Old James E. Pepper, bottled in bond, you can count upon its being identical in quality with any other bottle on the market.

And more than this: no distiller ever knew how to make whiskey as good as old James E. Pepper is made.

We alone possess the secret that made the name "Pepper" stand for the best of all that is good in whiskey.

Will You Try It?

There is a saying that the only way to *know* a thing is to try it.

If you like good whiskey and are willing to take pains to get it, we'll make it easy for you to test Old James E. Pepper.

Every good dealer in the United States has the genuine Old James E. Pepper Whiskey in stock, or he can get it for you without trouble.

If any dealer *refuses* to supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at the following prices:

1 full gallon in two half gal. bottles, or 4 full quarts 7 year old Bottled in Bond, in plain packages, charge prepaid,	\$5.00
or	
12 full quart bottles, 7 year old Bottled in Bond, in plain package, charges prepaid, for.....	15.00

If you order from us we guarantee safe delivery and complete satisfaction or money back.

Send for booklet, "Kentucky Pioneers"—free on request. Address as follows: The James E. Pepper Distilling Co., 101 Frankfort Pike, Lexington, Kentucky; or, 601 Rector Bldg., Chicago, Ills.; or, 110 Water Street, New York, N. Y. In ordering please address the office nearest you.



· LIFE ·

HARTFORD



Every Tire, no matter how poor, has its patrons and its partisans ;
but the one true Tire test is—time and travel.

Find, among your friends, the old and experienced motorists—men
who have driven cars for four, five or six years; and tried, perhaps,
every prominent Tire produced.

In the majority of cases you'll find them committed beyond the possibility of
change to

HARTFORD TIRES

"THE TIRES THAT LAST"

There's a definite, concrete reason for this—partially expressed in the phrase,
"The Tire That Lasts."

Hartford Tires do last—because they are designed right to begin with ; because
the heavy tread is compounded exactly right ; because the fabric is
specially woven Sea Island Cotton ; because the cushion is absolutely
pure Para ; because Hartford Inner Tubes are made to fit without folding,
straining, or wrinkling, which means durability impossible in a tube vul-
canized on a straight mandrel.

If you are inexperienced on Tires or dissatisfied with your experience,
consult those who have driven long and hard—almost inevitably
they will direct you to the Hartford Tire—the Tire that lasts.
Ask for Hartford Clincher Tires and Tubes on your new car or
try a set the next time you renew

We endorse and recommend all automobilists to equip their car with Standard
Universal Quick Detachable Rims.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.

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The Pierce Arrow



THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO. (Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers) Buffalo, N. Y.
Owners of THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY